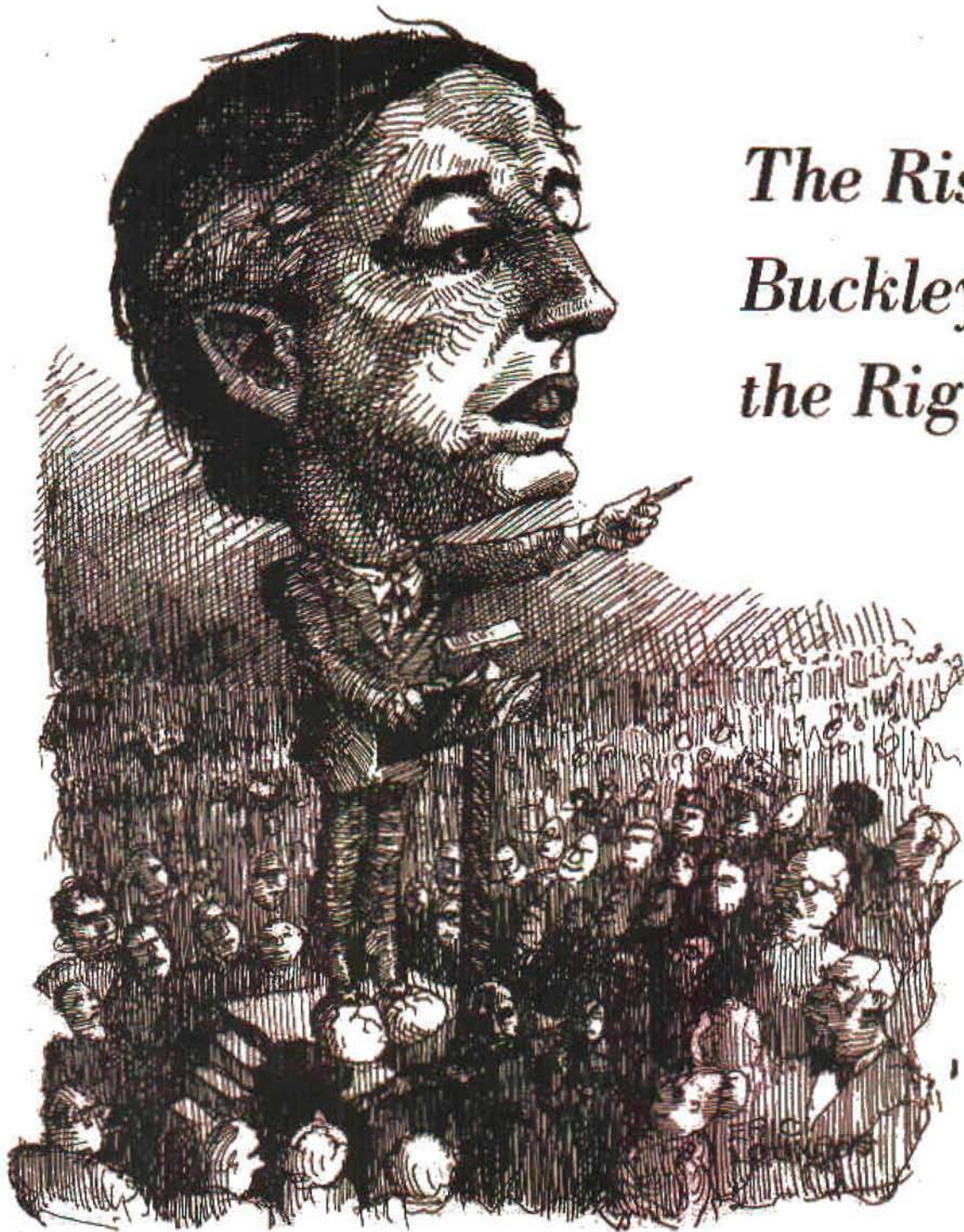


THE *ALTERNATIVE*

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TWO SHILLINGS (.25)



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Socialism in Sweden page 5

Abo and Eco beginning on page 12

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THE ALTERNATIVE: TO BARE THE WITNESS AND THE TRUTH

Published remarkably without regard to race, color, creed, or (most redundantly of all) national origin — the question of sex is still in committee.

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The Continuing Crisis

• It was a thrilling month for the peacemakers. After a three week prelude of noble sentiments from the enlightened orators of Albania, Egypt, Tanzania and the like, the distinguished United Nations admitted yet another peaceful nation, Communist China, and bounced the treacherous militarists of Taiwan. All America shivers.

• In another show of good will West German Chancellor Willy Brandt refused to press charges against the twenty-four-year-old student who slapped him in the face, and on 20 October he was awarded the Noble Peace Prize. Stanford University received a grant to study human aggression; the program will be directed by the eminent Dr. J. V. Lawick-Goodall, an expert on chimpanzee behavior. Manhattan College, the Harvard of Catholic education, became the first institution of higher learning in America to offer a "peace major." And lo, the fruits of Western Civilization have arrived in Thailand where Mr. Pan bunnag, a renowned Bangkok hairdresser, divulged to a press conference that "there are hundreds of homosexuals in Bangkok who would like to live together as man and wife." But perhaps the month's cheeriest peace of news came when Mr. Raguhir Singh passed

through Passion, Nebraska on his "around-the-world bicycle ride for peace" and-or brotherhood. His vehicle sports thoughtful banners reading "One God, One Humanity — Peace" and "This Earth Belongs to All of Us." Finally, congratulations to Mr. Yoshinori Yazaki who became the first man to commit suicide from Japan's tallest building, the forty-seven story Keio Plaza Hotel.

• Earlier in the month Premier Nguyen Van Thieu won his second term in an election about which even his detractors had to admit that the best candidate had won. Meanwhile back in Washington the Senate voted to declare a six-month withdrawal deadline for American forces in South Vietnam. The Longshoremen's strike spread. The *New York Times* reported that the incidence of panhandling in New York was increasing, and, while Mayor Lindsay went west pursuing the winds of political prosperity, a team of scientists from the Gulf South Research Institute of Louisiana infected an armadillo with leprosy.

• Lloyd's of London no longer will insure executives against environmental suits, and VD in Britain nearly doubled in the 1960s. In Mexico a rare

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Editorial I

Bad Ideas in Blossom

Richard Weaver's proposition that ideas have consequences is the kind of insidious commonplace that is treated suspiciously by the bovine of every community. Yet, if repeated to them often and booming enough, it will eventually thud into the goo of their cerebra and leave them entranced — stammering and shuffling about with tiny sparkles of light popping before their eyes. This is called Enlightenment, and it never quite measures up to expectations. Ninty-five per cent of the people it afflicts are rendered yammering idiots in search of a cause, and when the cause pops up the idiots stampede.

Now I have always held as a certitude that any cause — whether it be just or malign — is a nuisance to free men, especially during its time of stampede. Eventually it is even an embarrassment to the lofty fellow who, in the security of his bath, dreamt it up. What is more, any cause fired by Mr. Weaver's sunny apothegm is apt to sputter and backfire, for his assertion that ideas have consequences is only half the truth. There is a less rosy corollary to it, that is *bad* ideas have *bad* consequences, and as *bad* consequences always come more numerous, more furiously and more swiftly than good consequences it is usually better for the author of ideas to open a hot dog stand or chase lewd women than to dredge from his noodle bright ideas.

I know there are some who will dismiss this statement as shameful or un-serious. Such persons generally are honeyfogging their incomes from one form or another of the education swindle, and they reach for a lynching rope every time someone questions the value of "good books," the benefit of "higher education for all," the need for "continuing education," "humanized institutions," "broad horizons," "new eras" or any of the other poppycock platitudes that these rascals marshal to defend their swindles. They cannot be expected to have grasped the sad lessons of the 1960s which is unfortunate. That they are ages from understanding the profound political turbulence roiling the early years of the 1970s is more serious.

Though the lessons of the 1960s are unpalatable, they are not impenetrable. By 1971 the Federal government had grown over 200 per cent larger than it had been in 1960. More than half of that growth issued from government's attempted to "promote the general welfare and secure the Blessings of Liberty..." as interpreted by American liberals. Billions were spent to implement abstractions at home (more billions were spent to defend abstractions abroad). Yet by 1970: a) the popularity of government and government officials had plummeted, b) the incidence of crimes against authority had skyrocketed to heights exceeded only during the Civil War and c) agreement on the very defi-

nition of welfare or liberty had shattered. More ominously, America's consensus on what constitutes the good life (what is society's goal) was, at the end of the 1960s, more fragmented than at any time since the 1780s.

From the 1960s thoughtful persons learnt that generally speaking — all improvement is for the worse, and any man who is out to do good is certain to do bad. Assuredly, ideas have consequences. But upon implementation, ideas, more often than not, reveal themselves as bad ideas — hence the parents of unpleasant consequences. A cursory review of a few of those great ideas of the late 1960s still attracting oohs and ahhs today will document my point.

Consider the salient anti-pollution ideas. Pollution is a wildly complicated, basically economic problem (involving what economists call externalities or the neighborhood effect). Unfortunately those persons leading this campaign rarely discuss economics. Generally they are upper-class persons whose solutions involve an invidious campaign against producers, the acquittal of inconsiderate consumers, the demand for limiting production, a highnosed disregard for the basic theories of economic distribution and a reprehensible inattention to the situation of the poor. To limit production is to deny to the poor jobs and inexpensive products. These are but the most obvious consequences flowing from popular anti-pollution ideas.

Consider the idea of the quota system. To enhance opportunities for the underprivileged, quotas based on one defining characteristic or another are established for employment or admission to universities. At the universities the typical result of this bad idea is, that a number of unqualified Negroes are accepted because of their race and a number of Jews are rejected because — according to society's proctors — a disproportionate number of Jews attend universities, and this is not healthy. Individual achievement is denied. Progress is hobbled. Individual freedom and personal dignity lose their priority. Community breaks into competing factions based on race, religion, geography or whatever the defining characteristics of a quota happen to be at the time. In point of fact some of the consequences of the quota system have been the recrudescence of implicit anti-semitism, tainted degrees for every Negro regardless of his achievement and an increase in factionalism. Ultimately the bad idea of the quota system is opposed to individual achievement, dignity, personal freedom and progress.

Consider the ideas emerging from that glob of embellished discontent marketed by Mr. Ralph Nader as consumerism. As with so many of these social problems, it is always stated without any regard for economics but with dramatic solicitude for the rights of all of mankind. Un-

fortunately when the solutions are advanced it becomes obvious that the freedom of all mankind was part of the problem. The consequence of consumerism's basic ideas are that the enlightened few will decide for the benighted many, eventuating in a loss of freedom, a loss of efficiency, higher prices and the periodical loss of order — the worst of both worlds.

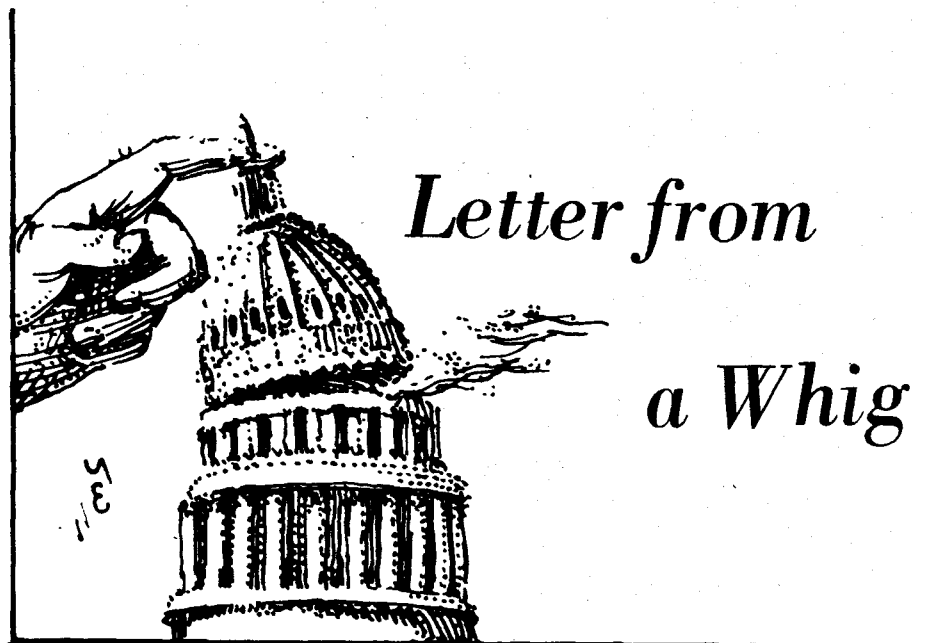
Finally there is the idea that the United States should deny its interest in foreign affairs and attend to problems at home. George Will dealt exhaustively with this particular bad idea in our November symposium, clearly elucidating the idea's baleful consequences. I would only add that when the carriers of this bad idea urge Washington to solve its problems at home what they have in mind are certain conditions which *they* perceive as problems and for which only their solutions are considered feasible.

Obviously these are all bad ideas; when implemented their consequences will be adominable. However the abominable consequences of these bad ideas are merely unpleasant legacies of the 1960s. A more serious condition troubles the early years of the 1970s, for it is the consumption of decades of bad ideas, and its consequences will be devastating. The American consensus on America's ultimate goal has dissolved of common purpose or an ultimate goal. In a constitutional democracy when citizens disagree about the means for realizing the society's ultimate goal, it is a sign of political vitality. But when citizens cannot even agree on what that society's ultimate goal is, the life of the constitutional democracy is imperiled, and this is a sign of sickness. Whether they realize it or not many politicians and figures prominent in public life today disagree on the "promise of America."

Originally the ultimate goal of the American democracy was what the founders called "Republican Virtue." It was fraught with contradictions, finally evolving into the national goal that served us for some 170 years. Outlined as the "right to a useful and remunerative job...the right to earn enough to provide adequate food and clothing...the right of every businessman, large and small, to trade in an atmosphere of freedom from unfair competition and domination by monopolies at home or abroad," President Franklin Roosevelt gave a synoptic rendering of our national goal in his famous "Economic Bill of Rights," and whether one was a Republican or Democrat, conservative or liberal, the great consensus of Americans held that the American Dream was one of expanding prosperity and individual liberty.

Obviously when voices demand that, in pursuit of pure air, we diminish industrial output or that, for the sake of some egalitarian paradigm, Harvard deny admission to a young man because he is Jewish and from the East or that, for the approved benefit of the majority, a minority will select what Americans are to consume or that in the name of "new priorities" at home, we trust our future to the good will of foreign powers rather than our own military strength, they are not merely lugging about bad

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The President and the Inaudible Voices

George F. Will

President Nixon is the first professional Republican to be President since Hoover; he is the first really combative Republican President since Theodore Roosevelt. But neither Hoover nor Teddy Roosevelt ran when the GOP was a minority party.

The facts alone would be enough to lend drama to his re-election bid. The drama is augmented by the circumstances of Nixon's 1968 election.

It has been said of Nixon that no President in modern times came to office with fewer commitments.

He was not beholden to clearly defined constituencies because it was not clear which, if any, such constituencies voted heavily for him. He was not clearly obligated to discernible blocs such as blacks or unions or farmers.

But a lack of commitments is not liberating; it is, by another name, the absence of a base.

Thus it was with more desperation than delight that the President and his men latched on to the idea of the "Silent Majority." They had nothing more solid by way of a base, so they committed the politically unpardonable sin of allowing their wishes to be father to their thoughts. They conjured this gossamer "majority" into existence and paid dearly for their delusion in 1970 when a lot of real old-fashioned blocs — like blacks and unions and farmers — went to the polls disgruntled.

Lacking a base of manageable, bite-sized blocs, Nixon cannot hope to win with the techniques used by those who work with the still healthy and substantial remnant of the "New Deal coalition." Nixon cannot win by casting a series of small nets around blocs who basically want to be courted and caught.

Rather, Nixon must cast a single gigantic net; he must use a grand theme to captivate a winning plurality. That is what he will be doing when he seeks re-election as the "peace President."

Nixon will run as the man who got Americans out of combat, and who kept

us all alive, and who made Armageddon a little more remote. Being a Republican, he will have to emphasize that he did all this without messing up the economy. Being Nixon, he will run with an accusing version of Ike's "peace and prosperity" slogan; he will run on "prosperity without war."

Given what appears to be a tidy unfolding of events, it seems that Nixon has been planning this for some time. Consider the probable contrast between the 1972 and the 1970 Republican campaigns.

After witnessing ill-starred Republican campaigns in 1970, Pat Moynihan made an astute observation. He said, "the trouble with the Nixon administration and Republicans generally was that they talked not about the things that made people happy but the things that made them unhappy — war, crime, welfare-cheating, discord."

It is more than likely that Nixon understands this. In 1972, when he is running the campaign will be about things that make people happy.

Now happiness is not all that easy to manage in today's politics. We all remember the ridicule that attended one candidate's venture into "the politics of joy." But Nixon's achievements may make at least cheerful politics more manageable.

It is now clear that Nixon came to office with five grand goals. The achievement of these goals in the first four years was supposed to win him a second four years.

His goals were these, in order of importance to him:

He wanted to end the war through the Paris peace talks.

He wanted an arms limitation agreement with the Soviet Union.

He wanted to develop new relations with the Peoples Republic of China.

He wanted to put the economy on an even keel.

And he wanted to abjure rhetoric and flamboyance in the hope that a bit of studied political drabness might help

reestablish domestic tranquility.

With regard to the first goal, he is achieving it, but by other means.

With regard to the second goal, he thinks the only means at hand — the SALT talks — may yield the desired results. (Of course, he may just be willing to shape his notion of "desirable" in order to get results. That is, he may go for — say — an agreement confined to defensive missiles. By semantic fiat, anything can be baptized the "desired result.")

With regard to the third goal, things are right on schedule: his China trip will consummate the "new era" of U.S.-China relations, and the consummation will come smack dab in the middle of the spring primaries.

With regard to the fourth goal, it is now clear that no prior position is too precious, no principle too sacred to survive the President's determined assault on inflation. Furthermore, contrary to conventional wisdom, fighting inflation can be good political fun. Before the 1968 election Dwight Eisenhower told a Nixon aide, "I think Dick's going to be elected President, but I think he's going to be a one-term President. I think he's really going to fight inflation, and that will kill him politically." But if the public reaction since 15 August is anything to go by, it just might be that the President has found a way of simultaneously fighting inflation, befuddling his opposition, and winning some affection from the electorate.

Nixon's fifth goal — to de-escalate the rhetoric — may be his most important goal. I strongly suspect that democracies have more to fear from hot air than from hot wars; democracies produce abundantly only when they promise modestly.

But this raises an interesting question with regard to Nixon the politician. Does his de-escalation of the rhetoric constitute a kind of unilateral political disarmament that could spell political suicide? In short, can a man get re-elected while trying to break our national addiction to rhetorical extravagance?

The answer is "yes" because, not surprisingly, Nixon has an alternative weapon up his sleeve.

What Nixon lacks by way of rhetorical ability he more than makes up for — politically — in his capacity for planned surprise. Rhetoric has its risks; but so does surprise. If one must choose one or the other as a political tactic, it is understandable why, after Sorensonian pufferies about New Frontiers and after Goodwinian flights about Great Societies, a President — and especially this President — now would choose surprise. The Nation which elected Nixon in 1968 was tired of rhetoric. But it still suffered from a lingering dose of Camelotitis — a hankering for a politics of "style" by attractive people who trade in conspicuous gracefulness. For Nixon, the least graceful of Presidents, surprise is "style" carried on by other means.

Actually, there is no longer anything surprising about Nixon's penchant for surprise. Film in a pumpkin, the "Checkers speech," a riot in Caracas, a debate in a kitchen, the selection of Agnew, the China trip, a sudden Sunday evening abandonment of a recently affirmed economic "game plan" — there is

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On Paul Samuelson's Mythical Sweden

Nils-Eric Brodin

Suitably grateful for the generous "Nobel Prize" in Economics which he collected in Stockholm this winter, Paul Samuelson said "thank you" to Sweden in his column in *Newsweek* on 18 January 1971. Inasmuch as Samuelson is generally recognized as an authority — on economics to be sure, but reputation as "an authority" has a tendency of spilling over into other areas — one would expect Samuelson to be a good scientist. Yet to be a good social scientist, you first have to be a good observer, and, with regard to Sweden, Samuelson evidently is not. He describes Sweden as a country which "had it not existed, the world would have to invent it." Invented it he has for all of us to see, because the description he has lavished on a country which lavished its money on him, bears little resemblance to the actual Sweden. Let us, in a point by point analysis, take up nine points which Paul Samuelson makes in his *Newsweek* article.

I

(A) "Standard of living there...has parity...with...this country," and (B) "level of living in Greater Boston... (does) not...exceed that of the average resident of Stockholm."

Standards of levels of living are subject to certain definable comparisons. What are commonly accepted as criteria are facts concerned with income, and, secondly, the more demonstrable aspects of a high standard of living such as owning homes, cars, telephones, etc. Let us see how, in fact, the United States and Sweden compare in these regards.

In 1967 the per capita GNP (in U.S. dollars), according to the *Political Handbook of the World 1970*, was \$2,500 for Sweden and \$3,670 for the United States. According to statistics released by the Swedish Institute, the figures were \$3,041 for Sweden and \$4,037 for the United States. The GNP yearly growth-rates from 1958 to 1967 were, according to Swedish Institute figures, 5.1 percent for Sweden, and 5.4 percent for the United States. Since 1967 there has been a slowing up and the Swedish Taxpayers' Association at its annual meeting in April 1970 gave the Swedish growth-rate for the previous year as only 4 percent. Per capita consumption was for Sweden in 1967 \$1,666 and for the United States \$2,482. Private consumption as percentage of the GNP was 55 percent for Sweden and 61 percent for the United States. (An interesting auxiliary point is that consumer prices in the decade 1958-1969 rose in Sweden by 42 percent against the United States' 22 percent).

TAXES. While enjoying Europe's highest wages, the Swedes have suffered the world's highest tax rate in the form of compulsory social fees and with a 17.65 percent turn-over tax. The current average tax rate in Sweden is 40.6 percent (against 29.9 in the United States). Comparative tax figures released by OECD in 1967 give the figures of 40.9 percent for Sweden and 28.3 for the United States. A single person with an income of \$10,000 would pay \$4,600 in direct and indirect taxes and compulsory social fees in Sweden compared with \$2,300 in the United States. A married man with a wife, two children under sixteen, and an annual income of \$12,000 pays about \$5,108 in taxes (compared with \$2,240 in America). The turn-over or excise taxes previously mentioned are imposed on all sales of goods and services, including foodstuffs. If you have any money left and wish to give it away or bequeath it, there are additional and severe gift and inheritance taxes. For example, if you want to give your wife or child \$10,000, the "government's share" of it is 15 percent. If you wish to give the same amount to your mother or brother the government takes 40 percent as "its share." Neither with regard to wages (and their concomitant taxes), nor with regard to modern conveniences does Sweden compare favorably with the United States — contrary to Samuelson's implication.

HOUSING. To emphasize this point let us look more closely at housing in Sweden. Sweden has a higher percentage of its population living in rented (rather than owned) housing units than any other nation in the world, with the exception of Switzerland. Sweden's apartments are the smallest per occupant of any nation for whom reliable statistics can be obtained (with the exception of Finland). U.N. statistics tell us further that 7.3 percent of Swedish housing has 1.5 person or more per room (as compared with four percent in the United States). And what about the modern conveniences which are such an integral part of a high standard of living? By 1960 47 per cent of all Swedish housing units still lacked bathrooms or showers (affecting approximately three million persons in a population in 1960 of 7.5 million). Even as late as 1968, two million Swedes lived in housing units which did not have flush toilets. Such crises in housing are particularly difficult to understand when one realizes that Sweden's housing and industry suffered no war damage, that it has ample raw material and a highly skilled labor force — together with the world's lowest birthrate — 0.8 percent per year from

1963-1968 (as compared with 1.2 percent per year in America).

And what about the other indicators of a nation's standard of living? Measured in terms of 1,000 population in 1968, Sweden had 498 telephones, America 518; Sweden had 250 cars, America 407; there were 372 radios in Sweden, in America 1,218; Sweden had 288 television sets and in America there were 377. In Sweden, it should be noted, the government has a monopoly on the nation's three radio stations and two television channels, the latter having only an average of ten viewing hours per day for both channels combined. This monopoly is financed from license fees which now amount to \$44.00 per year (higher for color television). Whether for Greater Boston or Greater Baltimore, to which Samuelson makes reference, these statistics do not reveal any "parity," nor do they give evidence that Sweden "exceeds" the current American standard of living.

II

That Hackneyed Quality

"It is the quality of life, and not simply its economic affluence, that one finds appealing in Scandinavia," Samuelson tells us, but he does not define what he means by this "quality of life." Surely he could not be referring to the following very evident "qualities" in Swedish life!

Crime in Sweden increased from ¼ million cases in 1960, to ½ million in 1970. In 1969-1970 there was a 20 percent increase in thefts, 16 percent in robberies, 62 percent in "check passing," and violent crimes increased by 40 percent. Even more tragic than these statistics is the fact that young Swedes figure so prominently in them. Seventy-five percent of all crimes in Sweden are committed by children and youth between the ages of ten and twenty-five. In a study of violent crimes in Sweden 1961-1968 juvenile crimes marked the steepest increases — 17 percent for the 15-17-year-olds, 36 percent for the 18-20-year-olds and 57 percent for youth between 21 and 24. The cost of law enforcement had doubled to a billion crowns, but "cleared" cases are only 50 percent of the total, and among thefts only 20 percent are fully investigated and brought to trial.

And what about Sweden's "sexual immorality" which Samuelson mentions and then appears to dismiss? After two decades of "enlightened" sex education in the schools, what are the results? Pornography abounds. Premarital sexual relations are engaged in by 80 percent of the youth, which in turn has led to

an increase in the venereal disease rate (syphilis jumped from 75 cases per 100,000 in 1958 to 491 in 1965, gonorrhea has doubled from 15,000 cases in 1959 to 30,000 in 1968). The rate of "legal" abortions has increased from 9,700 cases in 1967 to 14,000 cases in 1969 — 97 percent of the requests for abortions are now granted. Such a large rate of abortions seems particularly high when one considers that contraceptives are freely available not only in drug stores, but in public toilets and even on the walls of houses in residential neighborhoods. In spite of abortions and contraceptives, the percentage of illegitimate births has risen, from 10 to 15 percent of total live births 1958-1967. Nor does "sexual enlightenment" seem to have solved other problems of sexual maladjustment. Rape increased by 65.2 percent between 1963 and 1967 and divorce rose from 26 per 100,000 in 1925 to 220 per 100,000 in 1964.

I find the above statistics hard to reconcile with any high "quality of life" in Sweden today. Rather, I remember the thoughtful statement made by a highly placed Swedish police official: "Those among our political leaders who thought that serious crimes and other anti-social excesses would be easy to control in a modern welfare society, have been bitterly disappointed. It has become increasingly clear over the past ten years that the welfare state we live in, is anything but an ideal society."

III

The Business of America is Drink

"Not too long ago the United States wrested the title for drunkenness away from France," Samuelson tells us. It is not clear what he means by drunkenness (does it mean per capita alcohol consumption, arrests for drunkenness, institutionalization of alcoholics or what?). The implication is that the United States has the world's highest rate of drunkenness, or, in any case, a rate higher than that of Sweden. Has Sweden's record of drunkenness been exaggerated? Let us take a look at some statistics to get to some facts which Samuelson did not have time to deal with.

In a comparative study of 24 European nations, Sweden leads with a per capita consumption of 5.6 liter alcohol (while the U.S. at the same time had 4.7 per capita). In a study of eleven nations issued by Sweden's authoritative State Wine and Liquor Board, Sweden is listed as having an annual per capita consumption measured in liters of pure alcohol of 6.3 liters (with the U.S. listed as 4.5 liters). Another indicator of the sharp rise in alcoholic consumption can be seen in the value of the alcohol sold. Remembering that all strong beer, wine and alcohol must be sold in government shops, the value rose from 1.6 to 3.2 billion crowns (a crown is approximately \$.20) from 1960 to 1968, and was 3.71 in 1969. During the first six months of 1970 (in comparison with the similar period in 1969) there was a 3.6 percent increase in total alcoholic consumption, with 10.4 percent for wine, 2.6 percent for strong wine (dessert), 3.4 for strong

beer and 2.6 for medium beer (only the consumption of "weak" beer decreased). And what of the other elements of "drunkenness?" Alcoholic institutionalization for chronic alcoholism (a very rare move in Sweden) increased from 1,964 in 1954 to more than 3,000 in 1967, despite a considerable "liberalization" of the laws governing such measures. Convictions for drunkenness increased by 5,000, 1960-1965; drunken-driving charges increased from 13,329 in 1961 to more than 18,000 cases in 1967. Although as many as 20 percent of the Swedes list themselves as 'total abstainers' (as contrasted with 32 percent for the United States) there are at least 5,000 deaths each year directly traceable to the effects of alcoholism. Again what is most poignant about such statistics is how often juveniles figure in them. For example, arrests for drunkenness among 15-17-year-olds increased by 230 percent from 1928-1954, and by 143 percent between 1954-1959, for 18-20-year-olds 105 percent for the earlier period, and by 87 percent for 1954-1959. There have been many theories behind Sweden's high alcohol consumption (the "short winter days" do not seem an adequate explanation) and unfortunately, Samuelson does not expand further on his implied view of climatic motivations behind the sad — and undisputed — reliance by Sweden on alcohol to obtain its own "quality of life."

IV

Drugs in Paradise

Samuelson appears to underrate Sweden's problems with alcohol, by talking about "our drug problem." It is implied that our "narcotics" problem is

Great American Series

If we don't stop the Reds in South Viet Nam, tomorrow they will be in Hawaii, and the next week they will be in San Francisco.

President Lyndon B. Johnson

worse than Sweden's alcohol problem. It may in fact be, but by this it should not be presumed that Sweden has escaped narcotics. Sweden has one of the world's fastest rising rates of juvenile drug abuse. Drug offenses rose from 300 in 1965 to 2,333 in 1969, the number of those arrested rose from 189 in 1965 to 1,546 in 1968 and the number of persons jailed on narcotics charges rose from a mere 63 in 1965 to 600 in 1968. There are an estimated 10,000 serious addicts in Sweden, half of whom reside in Stockholm. Addiction is rampant in Swedish prisons. In addition to marijuana, there are other preparations such as LSD, "pep pills," etc. (After a period of weak law enforcement, the police are now getting tougher — confiscation, for example, rose from 300 cases in 1965 to 1,721 by December 1968.) The result is evident, and it is not surprising that the death rate among narcotics users (4,500 between 1956-1969) is fifteen to

twenty times higher than among non-users). Sweden does not have an alcoholic problem in lieu of "our drug problem"; Sweden has both of these problems taunting its "quality of life."

V

Suicide Again

"Few demographers will accept statistics which show significantly lower suicide rates in...the U.S. than in Scandinavia," Samuelson "authoritatively" assures us. He also implies that part of Sweden's admittedly high suicide statistics stem from the Swedish people's longevity. Whether the demographers of Samuelson's inner circle accept the conventional statistics on suicide, they are, nevertheless, the only ones we have to form the basis for a comparison. Both the U.N. *Demographic Yearbook* and *Statistical Abstracts of Sweden* show Sweden's suicide rate as fourth highest in the world, with Austria, Hungary and Czechoslovakia possessing higher figures. Sweden's rate of 21.6 per 100,000 is almost twice as high as the United States' 10.9. And it has increased from 17.3 (per 100,000 population) in 1958 to 21.6 in 1967. This rise cannot be explained on the basis of longevity and "life fatigue," for the tragic fact is that the percentage of young people committing suicide is getting higher every year. Between 1958-1967 suicides among 15-25 year-olds increased from 4.7 to 12.0 per 100,000.

VI

Justice, One Hundred Proof

"What is exciting about the Swedish experience is how they have taught the world the feasibility of combining moderation and justice," Samuelson tells us, but he does not specify what he means by "moderation and justice." Was it just, for example, at the end of World War II, to turn over Baltic refugees and German soldiers to the Russian Communists when they had asked for asylum? (And what is so moderate about "inviting" and generously subsidizing more than 500 American "deserters"?) Was it justice for Sweden to let German troop transports through Sweden on the way to Norway and Finland? Or was it moderation for the Swedish government to indicate its willingness to declare war and fight Germany only in March 1945, when the war's outcome was obvious?

What Sweden has taught the world is neither moderation nor justice, but rather how a small nation, while wearing the moral cloak of neutralism, can opportunistically manage to gain benefits from both the warring factions.

VII

Health for All

"Rich and poor alike have access to modern medicine, while the level of the profession is maintained," Samuelson informs us. Although the former statement is essentially correct, the second part — unfortunately — is not. Samuelson also neglects to tell us of the new wave of socialization which has swept Sweden's

medical profession. On 1 January 1971, all the nation's 600 apothecaries (drug stores) were taken over by the government. One cannot even purchase aspirin outside these monopoly stores. The Swedish government also began its gradual "nationalization" of Sweden's pharmaceutical companies by the purchase of two companies. The purchase is an important part of our policy *vis-a-vis* the pharmaceutical interest. Through this purchase the state gets a center from which to expand," a government spokesman announced. Just a year previously on 1 January 1970, the "socialization" of the doctors was announced when new fee structures and working conditions were imposed on all Sweden's hospital doctors. The result was the lowering of the salaries of 1,500 physicians, depriving the head physicians of the right to treat private patients (private physicians were long ago denied such rights). Today the lack of proper medical services because of overuse (a visit to a doctor "costs" only \$1.40, another \$15.00 comes indirectly from tax funds, etc.) border on catastrophe. There is an increasing lack of physicians. In 1967 there were in Sweden only 8,500 physicians (one per 940 citizens as compared with one per 690 in America). Of these only 1,200 were in private practice of which at least one fourth were over seventy years old. In spite of cutting a year off the medical training program and having 10 percent of the medical staff foreign-born, the number of Swedish physicians is declining. The "brain-drain" of physicians to Canada and the United States has become a grave problem. One can find more Swedish physicians in the San Francisco area than in some areas of Sweden's rural north. And the Swedish government's attitude toward the remaining private physicians is clear: "they must in time become a part of the system." With the disappearance of private hospitals and nursing homes (through licensing practices and tax regulations) with overcrowded hospitals, overworked staff and overly long waiting periods for needed treatment, any careful observation would reveal that "the level of the profession is (not) maintained." (We can only hope Samuelson never becomes ill in Sweden.)

VIII

The Swede Is a Very Cautious Speed Demon

If Swedish people do, as Samuelson says, "obey traffic lights," it is certainly an innovation. The drivers certainly do not, and in Sweden, pedestrians' rights are minimal indeed. From many personal experiences it has become evident that the drivers who sweep through a pedestrians' crosswalk section with apparent indifference to waiting pedestrians, are not even mildly chastised. If traffic regulations were as poorly enforced in California as they are in Sweden there would be mayhem without parallel. In Sweden in 1970, 1,300 died from auto accidents (up from 1,077 in 1967) every fourth one a pedestrian (up by 20.8 percent since 1969).



IX

The Coronation of an Oxymoron

Samuelson finds it remarkable that Sweden succeeds in "the redistribution of wealth and governmental interventions in business" in spite of "jealous protection of personal rights and liberties." From the point of view of a classical liberal, the success of "redistribution" and "governmental interventionism" is an evidence that there has not been a sufficient "protection of personal rights and liberties." This can be demonstrated in a variety of ways: by the punitive taxation policies, by the control of crediting and banks, by the control (shared with the Co-operatives) of the housing markets, by the monopoly of liquor, wine, tobacco production and sales, by near governmental monopoly of transportation and electric power, by total monopoly of radio and television and by the manifold and varied extension of governmental power over increasingly larger aspects of the Swedish people's life and work.

The public sector's growth in relation to other forms of employment has been rapid and extensive. The government has taken over factories, shipyards, industries, banks and stores. Its postal system which employs 37,500 also operates 4,300 post office banks. The state even owns 20 percent of Sweden's restaurant trade. This slow, gradual, but irrevocable growth in public ownership is fully in accord with stated Swedish socialist principles. On 1 January 1971, most of these state-owned enterprises were organized into one company, employing more than 28,700 employees and having a turnover of 2,500 million kronor. It has already become Sweden's sixth largest company. Of the ten largest companies, only six are private. The top one is the co-operative movement, and other government enterprises in the top ten include the Railroad system and the Liquor and Wine Board. Of these top ten companies, the private sector has a turnover of 17.8 billion kronor, and the state and co-operative sector 15.1 billion kronor. Add to this: that 28-30 percent of all employed Swedes work for the central or local govern-

ment (or its enterprises); that because of government's pressures on the credit market, saving in private banks decreased by one third, 1960-1969; that since April 1970 when the National Bank (Riksbanken) almost stopped credits to private banks the number of bankruptcies have increased by 50 percent; that the government has ordered "government representatives" to sit in on all private bank and main industrial concerns' meetings; that Stockholm's court system was recently "reorganized" to admit five government appointees, etc. In these ways, and in a myriad of others, the impersonal power of the government arrogates rights over the life of person and business in Sweden, which no "jealous protection of personal rights and civil liberties" has been able to stop.

Samuelson concludes his curious column by defining Sweden as a nation where its government plays a major role yet remains handmaiden of the people. The facts brought forth in this article, I believe to a great deal, contradict this favorite myth of Samuelson.

Thus far, Sweden has had a high standard of living, but it is literally living on borrowed money. When a government has to call for a price stop, without a corresponding stop on wages, when you have to obtain the Central Bank's permission even to send 100 kronor out of the country, when there is a drain both of people (700 Swedish scientists and doctors emigrated to American from 1962-1967), when arbitrary government decisions, increasing regulations and sharper compulsion characterizes the relationship between the Swedish government and its people and its business sector, then this government can in no way be characterized as "handmaiden of the people." Had Samuelson spoken to more people outside of the narrow, and government-allied Swedish Academy which gave him his munificent price, he might have learned that.

Samuelson's mythical Sweden is eminently desirable. It is a tragedy — most of all for the people who have to live there — that it corresponds so poorly to Sweden's grimmer reality. □

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How To Survive a Liberal Education

John Avey

A few years ago when I was teaching English in a suburban high school, I had a colleague named Joe. Joe taught English to high school sophomores.

He taught what is called "an honors course." The brightest of the bright were allowed to take this course after undergoing careful screening to make certain only the best got in. It was a status symbol for two reasons: honors courses meant prestige in themselves and Joe was a gifted teacher. Having "had" Joe was an experience in itself.

Joe showed me his reading list for the course. It included works by Jean-Paul Sartre, Camus and Voltaire. I suggested that this might be a little bit much for fourteen and fifteen year old children, who weren't emotionally or intellectually prepared for say, *No Exit* or *Candide*.

Wrong, Joe said. These kids have to be shaken up. They come to school with the prejudices of their homes and the church and they just don't think. It's our job as teachers to challenge them, to start them thinking.

"Thinking" meant to Joe adhering to certain skeptical and even cynical attitudes towards popularly held middle- and working-class beliefs. "Challenge" meant that he would do everything in his power to start a child "thinking" about, say, the possibility of atheism. Once the child started "thinking," presumably, Joe's work was done. He had done his intellectual duty.

If this sounds as if I'm making it up, believe me, it's true. Although I'll admit it was a little odd in a high school situation, it is anything but odd if you take the educational world as a whole. There are millions of students who have been led to believe that there are two important things a person must do if he is to be intellectually respectable: the first is to have an "open mind" and the

second is to "question" everything.

Ironists will note that teachers who say this never say that one must question the absolute virtue of an open mind or have an open mind about questioning as an absolute virtue.

An open mind is usually held by this kind of liberal to be that state of the intellect which rejects all traditional morality and especially belief in a Supreme being. "Questioning" is an exercise in methodological skepticism that seeks by unending debate to reduce to absurdity any belief in objective standards of morality or belief in a Supreme being.

Joe and I got along rather well. He was what used to be called a "fallen-away Catholic" and I was — and am — a Catholic. He told me once he respected my mind, which meant, I believe, that he made allowances for the fact I believed in the God of the Church Fathers, the God of Athanasius and Thomas More and the God of John Henry Newman. He felt it was something I just never could overcome, like some physical deformity. *Good chap, can't make it over the high hurdles of rationalism, but he has spunk, bless him.* That sort of thing.

I was reminded of all this by the unleashing of the wolf packs on the college campuses. Where had all that hate come from?

Part of it comes from the realization on the part of many students that they have been "had." They were told at age fifteen the virtues of questioning, but no one ever told them to question the worth of eternal questions. They knew that one was supposed to have an open mind — but they discovered that a consistently open mind could soon become a hole in the head.

Students want truth. It is as simple as that. They are no different from anyone else. Ultimately, they don't want charm or style. They don't want cute tricks. They want truth, and Joe and thousands of others like him have effectively demolished the concept of truth. These students can no longer believe in the beliefs of their parents and

their churches — yet they are too bright to believe in the professors.

What has happened? Let's trace a student's intellectual progress in today's higher education. It comes usually in two stages, the first coming before he enters college.

Stage One: He is passive, accepts views of parents and those who most closely affect his daily life — church, school, neighborhood comrades. Usually this means an unexamined adherence to what might be called the standard emotional response to words such as "patriotism, God, law, right, wrong."

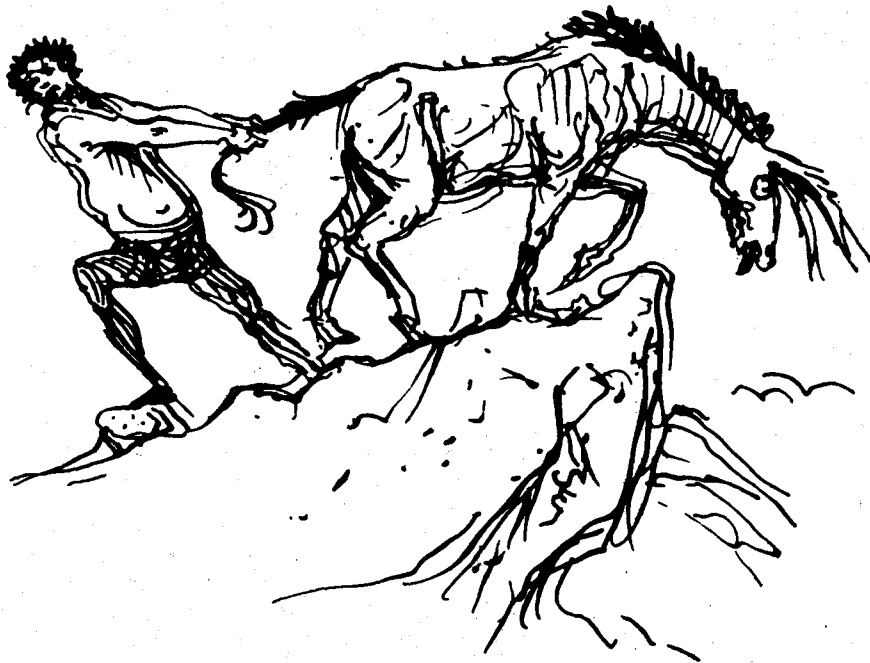
Stage Two: He is active; this stage usually is not reached unless the person attends college or comes into contact — through magazines or books — with persons who question the responses made to the basic works. An example: a freshman will react to "patriotism" by equating it with simple, unexamined prejudices about the flag, Valley Forge, etc. A political science teacher will challenge that response by going through a process of argument that leads to the conclusion that one can be loyal to one's nation by questioning it, by challenging "popular concepts" of patriotism, by sneering at the "parent-church" reactions.

Now this stage is quite complex and difficult to transcend. It is usually the introduction for most young Americans to what might be called non-prejudicial thought. The professors speak a different language; they do not accept the beliefs and values of the parents and the neighborhood; indeed, they find those values and beliefs ludicrous, biased, bigoted, etc.

Now the student is faced with a dilemma; he now realizes that reality is much more complicated than the parent-group even told him; he knows he cannot get away with giving the usual stock responses in class because professors can immediately destroy such a response with incisive arguments based on what seems to be irrefutable evidence; therefore the student concludes that both the method and the beliefs of the two groups are somehow distinct: *if you believe in God, you must believe in God the way Uncle Louis does; Uncle Louis believes in a way that is uninformed, bigoted, not at all intellectually sophisticated and — therefore — not only his way of believing but the concepts he believes must be erroneous.*

The professor, on the other hand, believes in agnosticism in such a way that a freshman soon comes to admire not only his method (Documentation, quotations, well-reasoned arguments) but the fruits of the method, i.e., agnosticism, cynicism about the prejudices held by the working class.

Thus, a college student is confronted with what seems to him to be an insurmountable problem: if he continues to hold on to the method of belief of his parents, he cannot live with himself, for he knows that such a method is intellectually disreputable; yet how can he also hold on to the content of their belief, since his professors, day in and day out, demonstrate that if one is to think "intellectually," one arrives at certain conclusions about God (he isn't



there), patriotism (it's a sham), and right and wrong (there are only shades of gray — except the war, that is immoral).

This, I think, is why we see the alleged irreversible shift from conservatism to a perverse form of liberalism among college students. Faced with what admittedly is the sophistication, breadth and depth of reading experience that professors have *vis-a-vis* students, a student would have to be superhuman to overcome the feeling that the ritualistic liberal professors are correct, not only in the way they think, but in the conclusions they have reached.

I for one cannot blame any student for reaching such a conclusion. The dogmatic assertions that pass for argument among the average families come to seem to the mind of a college student vulgar, irrational and shameful when placed next to the admirable exercises in logic, demonstration and irony that are the marks of the best liberal professors.

What is wrong, of course, is not that the student has learned ways to challenge the beliefs of his parents. What is wrong is that he has not learned ways to challenge the beliefs of those professors who challenge the beliefs of his parents: no one on campus has ever said to him: "Yes, it is true your parents don't think in the sophisticated ways the professors do. But it does not therefore logically follow that the views held by your parents are undesirable and the views held by the professors desirable. What matters is whether or not such views are true — and it is the conservative position that the traditional views are, for the most part not only true, but demonstrably so. Take the idea of God, for example — you can believe in God the way Uncle Louis does or the way Bill Buckley does; it's the same God. But Buckley believes in Him after a rigorous analysis and thorough meditation. Thus, you might go on to stage three."

Stage Three: Again, the student is active; he begins by questioning the conclusions of the professors; he questions the methods and the documentation and, ultimately questions the competence of even the most articulate men in areas of conduct and belief — all of this using the professors' very own tools.

The student has progressed from dogmatically-held prejudices, unexamined and half-understood, if at all, through the cynical but almost always convincing skepticism or leftist dogmatism of the professors to, finally, an intellectually based, rationally held position that is in line with the basic beliefs of the working class parents — and of Western civilization at its height.

Viewed in this fashion, what passes for a liberal education in most colleges today should bring a blush to the cheek of even the most unabashed liberal or leftist professor.

Their argument has always been that they must present "the other side of the argument" (the origin of the idea that an argument has only two sides is a fascinating historical puzzle) because,

after all, the students have received "the only side" from parents and church and school. It is — say the professors — only their intellectual duty to help shake these kids up, to have them "question" the values they bring to school.

But what about the "values" the students received from the professors? Who will help shake up these kids about those ideas? Is it the professor's belief that his values can be challenged only by methods and viewpoints of the working-class parent? If that were the case, the values held by the working class would, of course, be intellectually doomed. But that isn't the case at all; in all of the major areas of thought, there is a responsible, scholarly, well-documented, rational, humane, intellectual position diametrically opposed

to that of the relativists, liberal dogmatists and leftists and quite in the line with the conclusion — if not the methods of argument — of the parents, church, school — in short, of civilization.

Yet where, oh where can a student hear this view on campus? He is constantly told that the battle is only between what he came to school with and what he is getting now. No one will tell him that there is another battle: that of questioning the stuff he is getting now without reverting to the kind of argumentation his parents "taught" him.

Perhaps young conservatives might enlist the aid of enlightened liberal classmates to demand that professors who hold dogmatically liberal, radical or leftist opinions present a reading list and guest lecturers to even things out. □

Of Mice and Men

The Greatness of Senator Birch Bayh

William G. Fredericks

So powerful is mankind's yearning to believe a lie that he will cling to it even though it is not particularly useful. This has even held true of the lower forms of man. I expect Heidelberg man thrived on rumors about the buxom lady from the cave down the mountain, and the rumors were palpable poppycock. Certainly today's media man positively cherishes whole heaps of spurious truths.

But media man does not only hold to his lies because of mankind's inherent appetite for falsity. Media man also accepts lies because he is too lazy to discover exactly what the truth is. Take for instance the whopper that Senator Bayh just dropped out of the contest for the White House because of his wife's uncertain health. This is simply not the truth. It is part of the truth, but it is not the whole truth, and a portion of the truth still does not convey the truth. Some Washington reporters know why Mr. Bayh lost his avidity for the scaffold on 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue, but they also know how people relish a good, solid lie. Still most reporters have no idea what has taken place in Mr. Bayh's office, and they are too busy pressing their pants in the Washington saloons to find out. So it is because of the mantle of tommyrot that has covered Mr. Bayh's disingenuous withdrawal that we are publishing a report received last month from William G. Fredericks on the truth about this great man's exit — just ascribe it all to our noble desire to "shake up the system."

RET

Quickly now, before it sinks beneath the foam, consider the Bayh-for-President caper.

Senator Birch is spending enormous sums of other people's money in order to tell the Nation that he would rather like Birch to become Chief Executive and the leader of the free world.

If being frantic is being serious (and more Democratic politicians think it is), then Bayh is serious. Three Democratic functionaries cannot meet for lunch without Bayh jetting in to administer his hail-fellow-well-met-brand of courtship.

His most remarkable characteristic is his hands. They are the busiest hands in the Western world. He is a shoulder-squeezer and knee-prodder. He is always throwing playful left hooks at the chins of those whom he is inflicting his particularly leaden small talk.

("I'm no prude and I'm no saint. I'm in between. Maybe we need somebody who can articulate across that spectrum of thought.")

All this is very obnoxious and, under-

standably enough, it does not appear to be moving him an inch toward the nomination. But the significant thing is not that Bayh is obnoxious, but that he is everywhere. The money and energy Bayh expends in self-promotion is inversely proportional to his devotion to Senate duties, and that is a lot of money and energy.

So who cares? The Senator has been roaring around the Republic at a pace that is remarkable even for a Senator whose inattentiveness to Senate business is a minor legend. Yet every poll indicates that the public is managing to remain blissfully ignorant of his campaign. But his campaign is intriguing nevertheless.

The intriguing aspect of the Bayh campaign has nothing to do with anything the candidate says. His liberalism is of the most predictable sort. Nor is the campaign interesting merely because the candidate's brass is suggesting that he ought to sit in Lincoln's chair. After all, there is a large stockpile of such brass on Capitol Hill.

The intriguing aspect of the Bayh

campaign is its cost. Bayh's brand of vote-seeking, delegate-courting, publicity-hunting freneticism costs money and the money is not coming from the Senator's pocket.

Senator Bayh is not a wealthy man. His Senate salary is \$42,500 per year. He pays taxes on income of approximately \$100,000 a year. Some comes from his 340-acre farm in Vigo County, Indiana. Much of this comes from the lucrative "lecture" circuit. Last year he found time to more than double his salary on that circuit. He earned more money "lecturing" than any other Senator. Nevertheless the Senator says he owes an Indianapolis bank \$7,500 and an aide says the Senator had to borrow money to finance an August vacation with his family.

Obviously other men are footing the formidable bills run up by the Bayh campaign. What is not obvious is what earthly reason anyone can have for investing money in so improbable a candidate.

Bayh's political assets are even more miniscule than his financial assets. He has done nothing noteworthy in the Senate.

At the behest of Andy Beimiller, chief Washington lobbyist for the AFL-CIO, which contributed several score of thousands of dollars to Bayh's most recent Senate campaign, Bayh actively opposed the nominations of Haynesworth and Carswell to the Supreme Court. But the opposition to those nominations did not distinguish Bayh from the majority of Senators.

Insofar as he has had energy to spare from messaging his ambition, he has used his position on the Constitutional Amendments subcommittee of the Judiciary Committee to propose improvements to the work of the Founding Fathers.

Thus Bayh, who flunked the Indiana bar examination, has demonstrated a flickering interest in the fundamental law and the judges who construe it. But that is all he has demonstrated, and that is not the sort of stuff that normally attracts big investors to dark horse Presidential campaigns.

So the question is, Why are some wealthy men investing a lot of money in such a feckless campaign when there are serious men — Senators Muskie and Jackson, for example — gearing up to run?

Perhaps the frivolousness of the man is the key. Or perhaps there is a *machtpolitik* explanation of why a small number of rich men have written checks for large sums just to keep Senator Bayh visible at every Democratic reception, dinner and convention.

We do not know who these rich men are. Bayh is a passionate believer in the public's "right to know" when it comes to publishing stolen "Top Secret" documents, but he has not yet seen fit to disclose the source of his campaign funds. But whoever these sources are, they cannot mean serious political business. And it is wildly improbable that even a liberal would look upon Bayh as a repository for idealism. So why are some rich folks financing him?

There are two plausible explanations for the generosity of the few wealthy people who are financing him. One explanation derives from a dead economist; the other is associated with a very live politician. Consider the Veblen Function and the Kennedy Factor.

Perhaps the Bayh campaign's affluence is explained by Thorstein Veblen's theory of conspicuous consumption. Veblen was intrigued by the ways in which many wealthy people managed to spend their money in ways which attracted attention to the fact that they had a lot of money to spend frivolously for chancy, "sporting" ventures.

For many decades it has been common for the rich to slake their sporting instincts and parade their affluence by buying a race horse or a "piece" of a Broadway show or a prize fighter. But the Bayh candidacy indicates that the rich have discovered an additional instrument of conspicuous and sporting consumption. The instrument is a dark horse Presidential candidate.

Thus it may be that a few wealthy men are getting their kicks by buying a piece of Bayh.

On the other hand, perhaps a significant portion of Bayh's money is coming from Senator Kennedy. According to this theory, Bayh is serving

Great American Series

Had it not been for the steady encroachment of the Federal Government on the rights and duties reserved for the States, we perhaps would not have the present spectacle of the people rushing to Washington to set right whatever goes wrong.

Vice President
John Nance Garner
1932

as a stalking horse for Kennedy. This interpretation fits nicely with the plausible notion that Bayh is really running for the Vice Presidential slot on a Kennedy ticket. It is some measure of Bayh's stature that people can believe that he will allow himself to be so used while pursuing such a low goal.

At any rate, Bayh's campaign may be heading for a recession.

Recently columnist Jack Anderson published this report on Bayh's spectacular spending:

"He has courted key Democrats with champagne breakfasts, chauffeur-driven Rolls-Royces, plane tickets to Washington and other costly services. At a reception in Madison, Wisconsin, Bayh provided two free bars and a rock band.

"And in Chicago, he threw a black tie dinner featuring Laugh-In's Lily Tomlin and George Shearing.

"Bayh's campaign headquarters is carpeted and furnished in executive suite splendor. He has a professional campaign staff, who had adopted such expensive innovations as a special radio network, which rushes out Bayh statements on two leased long-distance lines to the radio networks and hundreds of independent stations for their news shows."

The Anderson column was published

on 2 July. That fact lent a certain poignancy to an Evans and Novak column that appeared one week later:

"Belying the fabled affluence of the presidential campaign by Senator Birch Bayh of Indiana, several of his workers turned up on 2 July at the campaign headquarters of rival Senator George McGovern of South Dakota to do a bit of panhandling. They were asking friends there to help tide them over the Fourth of July weekend with a little pocket money.

"The reason: The Bayh campaign, famed for its chartered jets and mass champagne breakfasts, had run out of money and was totally incapable of meeting its big payroll. Some of the workers in Bayh's plush headquarters were given \$100 each as an emergency stipend, but others were left flat broke and had to hit the pavements."

Who says there is not a cheerful aspect of the poverty problem? Who says the system is not working? Three cheers for the country that contrives to bankrupt a few Bayh workers on Independence Day Weekend! There is a lot of life in fair Columbia yet!

So the final question is, Why the sudden poverty? I like to believe the bottom fell out of the Bayh campaign as a result of an interview article that appeared in the *Washington Post* in mid-June.

The article was in the Sunday "Style" section of the *Post*. The "Style" section is a politicized "society" section which perfectly captures the *Post*'s version of liberalism. That liberalism is a politics of form and fashion for those suffering from the lingering malady known as Camelotitis. But the section has its moments of inadvertent brilliance, as when the Bayhs turned their interview into a spectacularly damaging document.

The article should have been headlined "Everything You Could Possibly Want To Know About the Bayhs but Would Be Too Civil To Ask." It was headlined "Bayhs: Partners in Politics." It was a kind of light masterpiece; it allowed two subjects to reveal themselves completely.

Consider this vignette:

"We really live in our rec room," she says of the red, white and blue basement. "That's where all of our parties begin and usually end." Senator Bayh enters the living room, wearing a dark suit, white shirt, tie, sits down, then is summoned to the telephone by an aid.

After the Senator leaves, Mrs. Bayh advises the aid to leave. "But he wanted me to make the phone call," he protests.

"I don't care," she says, softly and smiling pleasantly. "Get out of here."

That glimpse of the Senator's "partner" has a ring of truth. Neither Marvella nor the Senator are bashful about revealing themselves.

"When Birch is away he calls every night," she says. "He leaves me little notes that are such fun to find. Once he left a note under my can of hairspray. It said 'You don't need this to keep me sticking to you.' At dinner parties he'll draw an arrow with a heart through it and have the waiter bring it over to me. I save them all. Birch is idealistic and

has a heart. He is patient to a fault, tolerates mistakes in others to a fault, and he works too much. He grills a good steak, and he has a good voice. We have such fun with friends but not as often as we like. He also writes poetry."

"I don't know if it's outstanding like Eugene McCarthy's though," she adds.

The article included a selection of the poetry. Christian charity forbids quoting it: suffice it to say that poetry is not what the Senator does best.

Judging by the interview, what Bayh does best (or most frequent) is embarrass his wife:

When they do stay home they like to entertain.

"Marvella's an excellent hostess."

"Oh, Birch, you're embarrassing me."

And again:

If Senator Bayh decided not to run for President, did he have a favorite candidate?

"I don't want to get into comparisons there," he says, "but I'll tell you one thing. There's not one candidate's wife on the scene who could hold a candle to Marvella."

"Oh, Birch, you're embarrassing me."

The article contained enough embarrassing material to keep all of Washington laughing all Sunday.

Marvella on her "project":

"My project is child development centers. It's a class thing. The upper classes put their children in nursery schools and the others don't have the opportunity." (The Bayh's son Evan attends one of the most exclusive private schools in Washington.)

Birch in the throes of agonizing self-appraisal:

"I like Dairy Queens...I like work, I'm strong, young, energetic and I can take any burden that comes my way. I don't think I have given enough time in my 43 years to making any money, but we have enough...I'm not a materialist. I wear baggy pants. That's another fault."

Birch on the charge that he is "a lightweight, a Boy Scout": "This Boy Scout image doesn't bother me a bit."

Marvella on the Boy Scouts: "I think the Boy Scouts are wonderful, anyway. And they help people when they are in need."

Birch on the role reversal: "But if the roles were reversed and Marvella were the Senator and I were the advisor I think I would be satisfied."

Marvella on culture: "If Vietnam were over tomorrow 'Hair' would be irrelevant."

The Bayhs on love:

"I'm not for free love," says the Senator.

"Neither am I," says Marvella.

"But I have no right to impose my views on others. Sex and love are wonderful and pure experiences and there is no reason to flaunt it," she says.

"And you read so much about venereal disease, these days," says Mrs. Bayh.

One of the Senator's rivals for the nomination estimates that Marvella is "ten times" smarter than the Senator. According to the Senator, "My wife has

a better political head than anybody who works for me." Perhaps one of the lesser lights on Bayh's staff will have the temerity to suggest that joint interviews are counterproductive.

Then again, maybe they are not counterproductive. They certainly contribute to the public stock of harmless pleasure. Anyway maybe Bayh is trying to implement the Early Mets Theory of Popularity Cultivation.

In the early 1960s, in the Golden Era of the New York Mets, when that team was the incarnation — the Platonic

form — of Awfulness, the symbol of Met incompetence was a first baseman named Marv Thornberry. It was said that his teammates even refused to give him a birthday cake because they were sure he would drop it. But "Marvelous Marv" was the favorite of those persons — and they were legion — who did not care a fig for baseball, but who enjoyed the spectacle of a fine art reduced to grotesque parody. One need hardly underscore the depressing similarities between Marvelous Marv's fans and Marvelous Marvella's husband's fans, and between the early Mets and the Bayh campaign. □

The Peace Profiteers

Robert S. Walker

Walk in any store and you may find a new "merchant of death" behind the counter. He is not a salesman of weapons in keeping with the traditional meaning of the merchants of death theory. Indeed, because his products stress peace symbolism, he is better called a peace profiteer. But the drive to make money at any cost is the same and the effect of his merchandizing may be far more dangerous.

The "merchants of death" are, in the traditional sense, businessmen who promote warfare to make money. Throughout history, money-making greed in the armaments industry supposedly has encouraged wars. The weapons manufacturer, Undershaft, in Bernard Shaw's *Major Barbara* epitomizes the avarice ascribed to these industrialists. Undershaft states, "...my friend, you will do what pays us. You will make war when it suits us and keep peace when it doesn't...When I want anything to keep my dividends up, you will discover that my want is a national need."

Undershaft would understand and appreciate the activities of the peace profiteers. They operate in relative obscurity. Their products flood the marketplace — items like clothing, jewelry and housewares decorated with the peace symbol — but their greed and their unstated motives have escaped examination. Yet they prey upon and reap rewards from an imperiling of our national life. Divisiveness and intolerance are a means to commercial success for these merchants of mollification.

Making money from discord involves using an unpopular war as a catalyst. Long before history recorded an American presence in Vietnam, Frank A. Vanderlip, whose career in finance and government spanned the first quarter of this century, said about another war, "As a result of the war, a million new springs of wealth will be developed." Now the peace profiteers can amend Vanderlip's statement with the observation that an unpopular war is particularly advantageous for accumulating wealth. Large numbers of people who oppose U. S. involvement in Southeast Asia provide a ready market for anti-war products. Something decorated with a dove, V sign or peace symbol helps individuals identify

with the entire anti-Vietnam movement. Their personal beliefs become a part of a cause when an item is purchased featuring the familiar circle with an inverted Y inside.

A salesman in a Philadelphia hippie store best explains the importance of identity in selling peace. "People are looking for an easy way to say, 'This is me.' People want to embrace the symbol of peace." The proprietor of another hippie store in that city agrees. "Today people are different; they want their feelings known. How many people have the time or skill to make a peace symbol? It's easier and cheaper to buy one." There is no concern in these statements about the fact that such identification is a factor in national polarization. After all, for the profiteers that polarization means cash.

But this kind of callous disregard of the national interest is not limited to hippie shops. Department stores and specialty shops also are cashing in on peace and polarization. Not only are antiwar products displayed enticingly on the shelves of many stores, but large sums are spent widely advertising these goods.

A Washington, D.C. department store ran a full page newspaper ad to promote peace jewelry not long ago. "Peace It All Together," said the spread which utilized the two-fingered V sign as an attention getter. A call placed to the advertising manager of that store revealed that there was not even discussion about using the ad. They felt it was pretty non-controversial. "After all," he said, "everybody's for peace!"

Certainly everyone is for peace, but the peace paraphernalia being widely advertised and merchandized carries with it a special symbolism. The goods being sold are meant to appeal to one segment of the American people who hold reasonably uniform opinions regarding military and foreign policy. But because the products are designed for one group, they are an anathema to other people holding other opinions. The sale of the paraphernalia lends to a climate where rational debate between the two groups becomes impos-

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Eco and Abo

The Flower and the Fetus

A Modest Proposal

Johnathan Quick

Whether or not to abolish the anti-abortion laws which have accumulated through the past few centuries has become one of the hottest debates of our time. Many believe the laws should be repealed. Some demand that abortions be provided at minimal expense to any pregnant woman who wants one, for whatever reason, are even encouraged to defer population growth. Some clergy, and a certain proportion of the medical profession, particularly those interested in psychiatry and the social sciences, argue for removal of all restraints, both legal and moral. However, in spite of the many and reasonable arguments in favor of a policy of easy abortion, there still remains for some the barrier of human conscience. So I have, after much soul-searching and study, found a plan which should accomplish what is desired by the abortion supporters while eliminating the possibilities for serious error which indiscriminate abortion is bound to produce. I herewith humbly submit my proposal.

First, there will be no argument against the proposition that liberalization of abortions is one answer to the problems of world population growth. These problems of too many people are very real ones; with excess population there will be food shortages and wars; too many people befoul the environment and upset the world ecology; and not least, psychological trauma and impairment of the human spirit invariably result under condition of overcrowding. Democratic forms of government have never survived in overpopulated urban modes of life.

Secondly, since no one now-a-days pays much attention to religious scruples, and the clergy are listened to only when they renounce the teachings of their faiths in favor of some popular movement, I will not discuss this issue in a religious reference.

Thirdly, it seems inconceivable that the unborn will ever be allowed to vote.

My proposal stems from the proposition that apparently world opinion no longer will tolerate the addition of millions of unwanted people, more mouths to feed in a hungry world, the unloved and uncared for who will be liabilities to society rather than assets. Certainly this is a reasonable attitude. However, there is one great flaw in this method of eliminating the unwanted. It is indiscriminate. A farmer wishing to control the quality of his stock does not blindly slaughter every other little piglet or send to the market half of his best breeding stock. He observes the growth and potential of each animal, keeping always the best. Among these he will find his prize animals and he will, in time, have an outstanding herd.

It must be remembered that each tiny embryo, no matter how young, with or without a soul as you please, is an absolutely unique combination of genetic factors, a combination never before produced and one that never again will be produced. That apparently insignificant bit of protoplasm might grow into an Abraham Lincoln, an Einstein, an Albert Schweitzer or a Hubert Humphrey. Though such a fortuitous probability may be small, there is still an excellent chance that it might grow into a useful public servant, a bank president, a doctor or a very wonderful mother. There is no way of knowing the potential of any proposed victim of abortion until it has nearly reached maturity. Until some way is found to be absolutely sure of what one is dealing with, a policy of abortion at will will destroy the potentially great while sparing in equal measure the potential criminals, the neurotically incompetent and the antisocial burdens on society.

My modest proposal is that of reason: do not abort the unknown and unrecognizable fetus; allow each child to be born and raised to near maturity when its character and talents, or lack of them, can be identified, at approximately eighteen or twenty years of age. Then, and only then, a just and dispassionate decision can be made; the undesirables, all those whom the world considers unwanted, can be eliminated. These who are willing and able to make a beneficial contribution to society would be spared.

Lest the sentimental reader feel revulsion at the execution of millions of young people, let me remind them that a gas-chamber assembly line is far less grisly than the bloody piece-meal dismemberment of a fetus by an abortionist. I am assured by members of the medical profession that the sight of pieces of skull, tiny hands, feet and ribs is far more repulsive than the sight of the intact body of a condemned adult.

With this simple and humane plan all of the reasonable goals of the abortion supporters would be met, except, of course, for the minor inconvenience and expense of carrying the pregnancies a full nine months and raising the child for eighteen or twenty years. But, according to those vocally advocating indiscriminate abortions, those inconveniences are not really the important points. Their arguments pertain to the benefits to society, and certainly my proposal would deal with that aspect more scientifically, without the loss of all these potentially great individuals.

Consider how the world would be changed for the better. Crime would be almost eliminated, for most criminals display such a proclivity in their early teens. Psychotics and neurotics would be

weeded out along with those physically defective. We would greatly reduce the incidence of inheritable diseases such as diabetes and asthma. We would solve the problems of our crowded cities, correct ecological imbalances, and take care of the unwanted, unloved and starving people of this world. Furthermore, this proposal would have a very salutary effect on our youth. With the prospect of judgment at the age of eighteen instead of at the Day of Resurrection, their behavior in the preceeding years would be exemplary. Gone would be the long-haired Hippies and Yippies, the cheaters, petty thieves and shop-lifters. Young people would listen to their elders and be respectful to them.

Surely, on the basis of reason alone, and reason is supposed to underlie all the arguments of the abortion supporters, my modest proposal should be adopted. □

Population, Resources, Environment

By Paul R. and Anne H. Ehrlich
W. H. Freeman & Company, \$8.95

Since Earth Day, "environment" itself has become part of the general pollution. Television has crammed one program after another down our collective throats; corporations tell us, in ads of course, how ecological they are, and gasoline is sold not for what it does to the automobile but to free the air. The main issues are about to be obscured by the smog created in pursuit of the ecological dollar.

Paul Ehrlich has been one of the leaders in environmental studies. His training is in biology but recently has turned his full attention to human ecology. His *Population, Resources, Environment* is a primer in the field. The book is ample in reference, illustrations and graphs. Ehrlich states the issues, the alternatives, and thankfully makes some value judgments. He conveys a feeling of concern by writing dramatically, but in doing so he occasionally overstates a point.

The author thinks the key to any solution of the world's problem is birth control. The earth can support only a finite number of people. The limits are imposed by arable land, water, air and space. Ehrlich states that we must act now to control the exploding population even though technology may offer improvements. Ehrlich, in this book, points out the urgency of a problem that has been remote, however obvious, to most people. It is much more multifaceted than one might think.

The book begins with a statement of the problems followed by a discussion of population studies and nomenclature. The next section is devoted to exploring the limits of the earth. Ehrlich then makes proposals that might help us avoid the most extreme solutions.

Ehrlich maintains that the environment is probably the greatest threat to individual liberty that has ever existed. At present the state has the equipment to restrict liberty. When survival is threatened, the measures used to survive can only be speculated; that those measures might be extreme cannot be denied. Ehrlich thinks that

our right to live the "good life" and pass that right on to whatever children we do have is more important than maintaining the right to unlimited reproduction, pollution and destruction.

I think the author has made his point. He may be criticized for specific issues and taken to task for poor references and statistics, but his thesis is correct. This is not the time to nit-pick. We should read the book critically and then look for good solutions to the problems, though we need not necessarily ascribe to his solutions.

Aldo Somers, M.D.

The Morality of Abortion

By John T. Noonan, Jr., editor
Harvard University Press \$8.95

Irony, isn't it, that many of the same people who are eager to defend seal pups and baby bears and salmon eggs from harm see nothing wrong with the killing of embryonic human beings? Three powerful currents of contemporary thought have swept aside the concern for life: the sexual revolution, women's liberation and the population crisis. Because many traditional constraints on human sexuality seemed illogical, all came to be questioned. Because many burdens are unfairly borne by women, some think that any burdens unique to women are unfair. As incentives to produce were weakened and production failed to keep pace with population growth and rising expectations, those who once told us America had a "distribution problem" (rather than a "production problem") now are telling us that we have a "population problem." Hence, this justifies so drastic a method of popular reduction as abortion. (Imagine how it would be received if the Joint Chiefs of Staff justified war as another population control strategy!)

The abortion advocates have been skillful propagandists. Legal abortions are now available in New York for anyone with the wherewithal to make it to Gotham (97,881 abortions were performed there in just eight months), and

other states are now liberalizing their abortion laws. Yet the abortion question has subtleties usually glossed over by those terrible simplifiers whose arguments center around "the butchering of women" or "a woman's right to do as she pleases with her own body," and this excellent collection of essays delves into the underlying issues.

What kind of thing is a human embryo? If it is "merely a part of the mother," like a hangnail or an appendix, then of course she has the right to have it removed. Paul Ramsey, a professor of ethics at Princeton, directs much of his essay to this question. From the moment of conception, the fertilized egg, unlike either the sperm or the unfertilized ovum, has a full complement of chromosomes which are uniquely its own (unless duplicated in an identical twin); every cell which develops from the fertilized egg will carry this unique, human, genetic specification, clearly distinguishing the organism from its mother; "...these formal elements are already determining the organic life to be not only generally 'human' but also the unique *individual* human being it is to be." (Ramsey's italics.) After one week's development the organism attaches itself to the mother, using a "lifeline" composed of its cells. Three to four weeks following fertilization, while the woman is wondering whether or not she might be pregnant, the embryo "has a head, rudimentary eyes, ears and brain, a body with a digestive tract, heart and bloodstream, simple kidneys and liver....The differentiation is sufficient for heart pumping to occur...." At the end of eight weeks, the organism becomes a "fetus," and although it is only an inch long "there is readable electrical activity coming from the fetal brain." It is not until four to eight weeks after this that fetal movements are felt by the mother, an event called "quickening," which has been the source of some traditional distinctions regarding abortion. In short, the fetus is a complex, genetically human organism which is biologically dependent upon the mother as a "parasite."

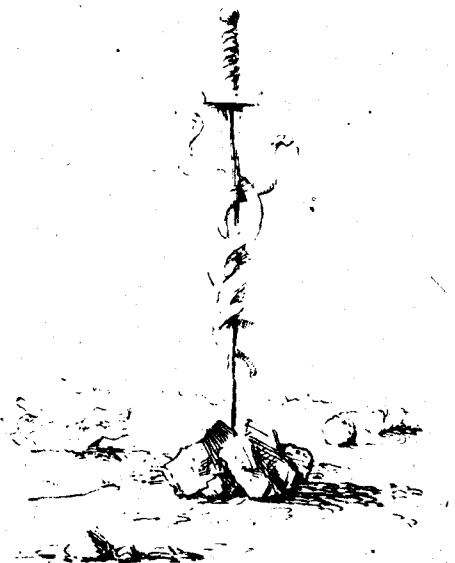
Once one understands the nature of the unborn child, one must ask to what degree such an entity qualifies for the rights accorded a human being. We

recognize that it would not be right to force a human being into an environment in which he will die (throwing a non-swimmer into deep water, for example), except under special circumstances, even if such a human being had proven to be a grave inconvenience or embarrassment, or seemed "too deformed." Although, some people profess to see a great difference between the child born and the child as yet unborn, it is hard to grant that eight months after conception a child born prematurely has full rights to life, but his counterpart still in the womb does not. Anyway, few arguments have been made on behalf of abortion which could not be extended to the killing of others, such as infants. The fetus is highly dependent, so are other human beings. The unborn child has an underdeveloped brain, so do others. There are "too many" people? Why choose the unborn for death rather than the aged, the less fit or the willing humanitarians? The fetus doesn't "seem" to be a human being? Neither did the slaves seem to be human to many of the slave-holders. What universal rule can be made to determine who warrants protection as a human being and who does not?

A political advertisement for a Massachusetts politico who favored abortion legalization carried the voice of one of his supporters saying, "I know it's a human being, but...." But what? Noonan and his contributors discuss the moral quandaries which result from acknowledging the claim that the fetus has human rights, and they differ on some of the borderline cases: the deformed, the products of rape or incest, the children of the mentally retarded; all agree that the mother has the right to abort her child to save her life.

Perhaps "rights" are, in the final analysis, rules governing human behavior which if followed would lead to the greatest happiness to the greatest number. (Why would one prefer a system of rules which gave less than the greatest happiness possible?) Whatever the nature of rights, those who advocate legislation should discuss its consequences and compare them with the consequences of not making such legislation. At present, the fetus has a number of legal rights: the fetus can inherit, can be the subject of negligence suits and has a legal right to support, enforceable by a guardian. In New York, on the other hand, the fetus may now be killed at the mother's discretion. If the unborn can be killed, what else can be done to them? What rights could they retain? As the biological sciences give mothers and other persons the ability to alter biological characteristics of the unborn (see, for example, "The New Genetics," *Time*, 19 April 1971), we may find the results appalling. J.B.S. Haldane, a British geneticist, has suggested that we might breed legless humans for use as astronauts...what if Mom wanted you to be an astronaut? What if Mom wanted a docile child or a hyperactive achiever or a drone to help with the housework? A Brave New World may be dawning, fellow Alpha's and Beta's, a world shaped by the frightful possibilities of the fearful

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Monument to the
Liberalized Abortion Laws

Ecology Crisis

By John Klotz
Concordia, \$2.75

This work is an attempt to resuscitate man's sense of responsibility for what has been entrusted to his stewardship. According to its author, John Klotz, there are many reasons for the ecological crisis among which are overpopulation (though, it seems to me, that the author is unsuccessful in establishing a nexus between overpopulation and environmental decay), an upsetting of the balance of nature resulting from an inordinate and indiscriminate introduction of dangerous chemicals into our environment, the exploitation of natural resources and the scientific world view.

Of special interest to me is the author's notion that the scientific world view has contributed to the ecological crisis. For implicit in our willingness to exploit and cause havoc to our environment is, I believe, the scientific world view which provides us with an intellectual justification for our deeds. This world view causes us to assume that man exists apart from nature, indeed, that man is above nature. As a result, instead of trying to interact with our environment, we indulge in a ruthless and unthinking exploitation of our natural resources. We have adopted the attitude that we can manipulate nature with impunity and force it to do our will. The scientific *hubris* leads us to believe that the gods of science and technology will — when the chips are down — rescue us from our sins.

Ecology Crisis is recommended to those who want to read a serious book concerning the ecological problem, one that is free from the paranoid rhetoric of the ideologues.

Haven Bradford Gow

ABORTION

(continued from page 13)

symmetry' of the genetic double helix and the awesome power of the chemical balances which do so much to shape the fates of men.

Legalizing abortion will obviously not save the lives of the aborted and may not even decrease the number of deaths to women from abortion, which have been at a level of about 500 Americans per year. Sources in Noonan's book indicate that eighty to ninety percent of the illegal abortions are being performed by M.D.'s already and that legalization can be expected to increase significantly the number of women having abortions. The risk of death from even a legal abortion multiplied by the number of women who seek abortions indicates there will still be women's deaths, and there will be situations in which women decide to have abortions by non-professionals. After adopting rather permissive abortion statutes, Denmark and Sweden both experienced an increase in legal and illegal abortions. John M. Finnis, professor of law at Oxford, notes that the maternal death rates (per capita) from all abortions were not

statistically different in England, where abortion was generally illegal, and Poland where abortion had been "liberalized." If all abortions were legalized, there would thus probably not be a significant decrease in deaths to women from abortion, while the number of unborn children killed would increase. This should be kept in mind while listening to the claims of the coat-hanger-brandishers that opponents of complete legalization are "dooming women to die."

If I hear another proponent of legalized abortion tell me "you can't legislate morality," I may scream! Laws against killing, stealing, raping, mugging, defrauding, extortion, etc. are all attempts to "legislate morality." Some human errors should be prescribed by law, some should not. Ramsey, Finnis and Noonan each deal with the problem of when it is advisable or right to make a wrong act a crime. Finnis looks at the results of the restrictive and permissive approaches to controlling abortion in various countries; Harvard professor George Hunston Williams proposes a new framework for viewing the interests of the community, the mother and the fetus. All show a level of insight lacking

in the "you can't legislate morality" school of thought. Legislation has several purposes. The law educates; many people, outside academia, equate "it's illegal" with "it's immoral" and "it's legal" with "it's moral." Punishments generally deter by raising the risk or "cost" of certain acts, yet they are never perfect deterrents; they don't have to be perfect deterrents to be worth having. The law limits the state and its minions, whose motto (the Bureaucrats Law) often seems to be "all that isn't forbidden is compulsory;" if abortion is illegal, one cannot be ordered to get one even if your local social worker thinks it a dandy idea that your "undesirable" or "superfluous" child not be born.

Legalizing abortion opens a Pandora's box of problems, ethical and practical; before the killing or altering of inconvenient or imperfect members of the human species becomes accepted by the law, those who favor this course should acquaint themselves with the arguments of their opposition. If you aspire to an understanding of the abortion issue, lay aside the glossy mags and buy or borrow Noonan's outstanding book.

Douglas Cooper

The People Problem

By Dean Fraser
Indiana University Press, \$6.95

Lightweight, no more than a compilation of material garnered from a handful of books and clippings from a few magazines (*Science*, *Science News*, *The Sciences*, *American Scientist*, *Scientific American*), Dean Fraser's book is another recounting of the better-known facts regarding pollution, and these recounted on a superficial level; it is certainly not a serious examination of the alleged "problem" referred to in the title. Fraser does do us a service by titling his book as he has. Terms like *population explosion* and *population control* always were too abstract. The "problem" is *people*, in the view of Fraser and others like him; it is persons, individual persons, who are to be "controlled." Fraser is identified on the book jacket as a virologist. That's suitable. One gathers that he regards people, and the "problem" they are said to present, in the same spirit with which he would consider the viruses in his electron microscope and the troubles they cause.

Others have remarked on the Manichean bias of people-control zealots. Fraser reveals his not only by his title but when he can remark, for instance, that social attitudes are less lenient regarding premarital sexual intercourse than mere necking because "the difference (between the two) is quite simply that hand-holding does not bring babies, fornication does." Yes, we all know that men and women go to bed with one another solely to produce offspring, never to express love, or because it's an intense pleasure.

Fraser's book is marked not merely by shallowness and the Manichean spirit, but coyness and heavyhandedness, too. One supposes that his students, for students' reasons, have en-

couraged him to believe he is witty. The coyness begins with the subtitle, "What You Should Know About Growing Population and Vanishing Resources" (you're supposed to tack on, "But Were Afraid to Ask"). The heavy hand (and the shallowness) shows in a statement like: "Today's wars are over far more serious matters (than the wars of ancient Greece), such as which of two groups of scoundrels shall rule and rob a nation that, by and large, could not care less."

As reported above, the book scarcely deals at all with the actual "problem" alleged by the title. Mostly it's about pollution and the misuse of resources. The "problem" is simply stated to exist. It is expressed in the familiar terms of so-called geometrical projection, always referred to by Fraser as "exponential expansion." Then, from time to time, during the recounting of the pollution facts, we are reminded of the "problem" with a statement like: "Every hour we are adding 8,000 people to the human race...not just births, but births minus deaths."

Well, it does seem likely that a baby today stands a better chance of living to be a hundred than did his grandfather, but he has no better chance of living past that age. That is, the doctors have already extended life expectancy to the near-limits of the human life span and a lot of folks who, a few decades back, would already be dead, are going to be dying pretty soon. Fraser, after briefly acknowledging this bit of reality, does not face it. Nor does he deal with other realities, such as: What happens to a country with so successful a people-control program that it ends with an "old" population and a few young men to run things (apparently Japan is now con-

fronting this situation)? Of course, the Fraser solution to a real problem like Japan's would be more careful planning, more rigid control, further technical intervention in the life processes.

The man's faith in technology and technical intervention is evident in his endorsement of the continued widespread use of pesticides and his characterization of the late Rachel Carson and her book *Silent Spring* as "sentimental" and "gross." It is most evident in his assumption that all men, no matter what, are always going to desire the technical processes and technological devices that result in the polluted biosphere and ravaged resources which he decries. Thus, it is people who are the "problem" and must be suppressed, not a technology which is out of control.

Yet, contradiction, he will concede that "As with other problems that we have considered (most notably water, mineral and energy consumption) this one (garbage) is increasing

faster than the population." Not only that, very early on in the book (p. 27), he states: "We can predict that some factor or combination of factors will sooner or later control further increase (in population)." One would wonder why he continued with his book after that if it weren't plain that Fraser can't imagine population being naturally limited by any factor short of disaster, the ultimate disaster probably being defined by him as the collapse of technology, which would probably — so he would suppose — entail the disappearance of the race. Others would disagree.

None of their arguments are outlined in Fraser's book, much less answered. The exiguous bibliography (13 volumes listed) is headed by two Paul Ehrlich books and, such as it is, goes on from there. Not included in the very slim index are such names as Colin Clark, or even Barry Commoner.

Gary Potter

Unjerk Them Knees, Honey-Chile

Cruising Speed: A Documentary

By William F. Buckley, Jr.
Putnam, \$6.95

Quite enough, I imagine, is said in this issue by my brother Lobdell, of recollections of Chairman Bill. Were I to add a few, they might include the night in New York when, after dinner following a taping of "Firing Line," I realized that I had a plane to catch in too few minutes, and he went dashing down the street to hail a cab for me. *Numero unius, exclusio alterius*, as he would say, so I'll hedge; but I've concluded after lo these many years that of all the gentlemen I've ever met, two of the most consistently gentlemanly are my father and William Frank Buckley, Jr. With that, an end to reminiscences here.

Cruising Speed is the journal of a week in Mr. Buckley's life, not a mini-apologia pro vita sua (Heaven forbid) nor a dust-dry diary (and so to bed) nor a reconstruction of some week of crisis (and may he never go through so many that he'll follow in the footsteps of Richard Nixon and tote us through a rehash of his crisis, one by one by one), but a most engaging ramble through an ordinary week, so we are to believe, incorporating a great swatch of material from speeches given, letters written and read, various confrontations and the like.

One inevitably gravitates to those sections that treat things dear to one's heart. I shy from contact lenses and so Evelynwoody my way through his remarks on his struggle with those things. I read his section about his weekly gym session more carefully. Our bodies being the first things to go, I too trudge off to a gym regularly, more regularly than he, to seat and groan and court hernias. But since no one will ever care enough to try to see if I could defy the laws of gravity from off the Empire State Building, I learn far more common things than he learns; he'd be a

veritable tiger if anyone tried to shove him under the IRT, as if he'd take the IRT, while I'm only good for a hundred pushups and twelve laps.

And on we go through these things, some, really, of no importance, though they're nicely recounted, others of greater interest to me, like his rather stylized account of how the magazine gets put together. How does Wm. Buckley deal with rudeness? Read, that ye may be instructed. Where does he eat? What is his wife like? (He cheats us here, telling us way too little about Patricia Taylor Buckley.) With whom does he frolic? Who's his favorite pianist? What does he think of Hugh Hefner and Dick Gregory? Why does he talk that way? How come Profesor Revilo Oliver thinks Bill Buckley just may be a commie? Well, some of it's there, ready for one of those inevitable pencil-clutching, tongue-darting, heresy-dreading Buckleyolators to memorize and imitate—if he so chooses. Good luck.

Some reviewers of *Cruising Speed* appear to be fascinated by How Does Bill Buckley Do All That in One Short Week?!? I seem to recall that B.F. Skinner has some sort of contraption in his study by which he records his productivity, day by day, week by week — year by year — charting his output. Dr. Skinner's way is not Mr. Buckley's way, but for those who can't seem to get anything done, the Buckley way might be the answer: JUST DO IT. For instance, type columns while riding in the car, if you have a chauffeur; bone up on The Speech (one of his retinue) just before giving it, instead of agonizing about it for weeks; combine things I've seen him in action, so *Cruising Speed* offers no surprises to me regarding Buckley's mysterious energy. If the book were simply a col-

lection of What I Did Last Week, it wouldn't be unworthy of a reader's time, but wouldn't be Buckley.

Ambrose Pierce defined admiration as the polite recognition of another's resemblance to oneself, and I guess in that case not many could admire Bill Buckley. But of course Pierce told only a slice of the truth, as did Wilde in his definition of a cynic: one who knows the price of everything and the value of nothing. I admire the man Buckley and like the book, but certainly don't see any resemblance to myself in it. The remark on cynicism has nothing to do with this; what does, and what I wish I could locate some witty definition of, is irony. Some people, myself included, invariably divide the world into those with the ironic sense and those without. I suppose that's what makes Ramsey Clark seem to me so perfectly dreary, and Bill Buckley so otherwise. *Cruising Speed* is ironic in so many ways that I think it's lost on many readers, those who don't read in and around and through but just read straight on. The book is not straight on.

About eighty percent of *Cruising Speed* appeared excerpted this summer in *The New Yorker*, in two installments. The first was delightful but, I thought it incomplete and it took no genius to think this, since the journal plainly told us that it was the first of two pieces, but so what. The second excerpted half, however, caught me up, made me go back and read the first, and I understood. Then the book came and filled in all the gaps and I understood even more. The title, for instance Buckley sails, and as sailors are supposed to know, cruising speed means something nautical. But does the title *Cruising Speed* here mean something? The cover shows a funny little periscope peeping out of a beautiful body of water. But certainly we're not supposed to think that's all, are we? Not when the sailor himself asks on the last page: "How will I satisfy them, who listen to me today, tomorrow? Hell, how will I satisfy myself tomorrow, satisfying myself so imperfectly, which is not to say insufficiently, today; at cruising speed?"

William Buckley is intrigued by the process of education, not just the stuff that goes on these days in classrooms across the land, but the whole manner in which people educate and are educated, especially the latter. He lets us see how he's educated, not without considerable irony, but also with enough concrete examples so that we are not left unsure. He is educated by contact with those he meets. He remarked somewhere, in a column, perhaps, or on a TV talk show, that when he was with Richard Nixon once, and Mr. Nixon had a little scratchpad on his lap while listening, he had the marvelous feeling that the President was actually listening to him. So who listens anymore? Buckley listens. Not just because he's polite, but to learn.

He's enough of a student of history and literature to eschew naming his book, in imitation of one of the last great scions of America's premier family, *The Education of William Buckley*. But this is surely a sliver of

that unwritten book. That is, were he to write a book specifically devoted to explaining how he has grown and does grow mentally, he would include within it many of the episodes or similar episodes such as those that appear in *Cruising Speed*. How will he satisfy himself tomorrow, "so imperfectly"? I suppose by learning some more and sifting a little of it through to those who listen to what he says. Not that all that he learns, and says, is congenial to all who listen, even those who listen, as I listen, from a perspective of general approval.

For he is not your Typical Conservative. One can never imagine someone *plus Randian que La Rand*, but there are many men more "conservative" than Mr. Conservative of 73rd Street and Stamford, Conn. What I mean by — unjerk your knee is: don't expect this man to conform to anybody's expectation of what the complete Conservative is. Were one to search for the archtypical conservative, one would not find him-it-her regularly on 73rd Street or in Stamford, Connecticut or on Mr. Buckley's boat *Cyranno*. Jared Lobdell here tells us, truly, that "for philosophical guidance a conservative looks instead in to 'Mission Control' in Woodstock" — to the "old man in the back of the room," to Frank S. Meyer, that is. And conservatives find "philosophical guidance" in others instrumental in making *National Review*, and in *Human Events*, and in Congress, and off in the woods of Mecosta, Michigan. One finds it in Mr. Buckley, too, certainly, but one does not find in him a neatly packaged saran-wrapped conservative's conservative. Far from it. Which is one of his distinctive characteristics, and, I'd wager, the cross that some who worship him bear.

Nor is he one of those cuckoos in the land, those *idee fixe* chaps. Oh, yes, he has some of his Things, like the

Church, and the crusade contra pornography, and the like. And those occasional (to me) incredible suggestions, like the one in the late lamented *Look* a while before it became late, that America should go out and elect itself a Negro President 'round about 1980. I don't understand the logic leading to that one at all. And am glad that I don't. To be able to encompass anybody totally, to know all his reasons, and his reasonings, to be able to chart anyone's mind down to the last little tittle, is a bore. To be able to go through the complete Buckley oeuvre and agree with it all — good Lord! — would indicate a reader too mundane to contemplate, or a Buckley too predictable for one to want to read another line by, or about.

Mr. Buckley is neither a knee-jerk anything, nor a cuckoo; search for your Prototypical Conservative somewhere else, and your cuckoo in a clock, not in *Cruising Speed*, which is not his best book (that's *The Unmaking of a Mayor*) or his most tender (*Odyssey of a Friend*), or his wittiest repository of reportage (*The Jeweler's Eye*, *The Governor Listeth*), or his most strident (*God and Man at Yale*, *Up From Liberalism*), or his most polemical (*McCarthy and his Enemies*), or well, never make lists. Look in *Cruising Speed* for what it proclaims itself to be, a documentary of a week in the life, and find also, an added bonus, quite a bonus, his most charming book by far. I admit to a weakness for charm in this increasingly charm-drained world. I thank Bill for a couple hundred pages of it.

David Brudnoy

David Brudnoy is an obscure gynecologist who lives in Ulan Bator, reads every book published, and is currently completing a definitive nine-volume *History of Avarice*.

Save General Ceremoney:

A Portrait of WFB

Jared Lobdell

There was a chair in the corner that belonged on Saturdays to an elderly bibliographer, and the rest of the week to anyone who wanted a good view of members and guests at the Elizabethan Club pouring themselves afternoon tea. I was sitting there early one afternoon some dozen years ago when a fair-haired man in his early thirties came in, looked around briefly, poured himself a cup of tea, inspected the sandwiches (cucumber, which means it was a Tuesday afternoon), and went off into the front room. I put him down mentally as a sporting type — sunburn, khakis, blue blazer — possibly a sometime crew captain who had been elected to the club on the vague grounds of good fellowship or general likeableness. He left after finishing his tea — the door slammed, and then two or three of the club's more knowledgeable members came in: I heard one saying "Must be some kind of reactionary shindig in town — that

was Bill Buckley just going out."

Had there been a look of disdain as he glanced around the room? One knew his reputation, of course, and it was not hard to imagine, in retrospect, a kind of hauteur and instant dismissal of everyone in the room — everyone meaning me. Bill Buckley stories were part of the cocktail-party repertoire at Yale — how, after one in a series of debates with Norman Thomas, he had been asked whether there was any consistent thread to their debates, and had answered, "Why, yes, in all our debates there has been one consistent thread, and that is, that Mr. Thomas has been wrong, and I have been right." Or how, as an undergraduate, in the Political Union, he had so insulted Eleanor Roosevelt that she had instantly vowed never to return to Yale. (To this day, I do not know if the first is true: of the second, I know only that, at the time of her death, Mrs. Roosevelt was planning

to appear at a future Political Union meeting.) Bill Buckley was, to Yale's conservatives, a folk-hero, well on his way to becoming a solar myth. It was necessary, in telling the Eleanor Roosevelt story, always to refer to her as "The Great Pink Lady" — the feeling being "that is the way BILL would want it to be told." The attitude was akin to that which (I would guess) led Arlington House to entitle their recent Buckley sampler *Quotations from Chairman Bill*, though one doubts it had as much humour. Except that I rebelled against the hero-worship, I could have dined out for a week on the strength of the wordless encounter at the Elizabethan Club ("And did you once see Shelley plain?").

Some years later, in Madison, in 1961, he spoke to a meeting of the Wisconsin Conservative Club, during the summer National Student Association meeting. It was an informal speech and I found myself sitting, almost exactly, at the feet of Gammaliel. I noted (for Buckley imitations, like Buckley stories, were a passport to immediate acceptance in conservative gatherings) how he arched on tiptoe before making a point, how he jabbed his hands into his pockets, how he furtively mopped his brow with a large red handkerchief. But I cannot for the life of me recall one thing he said that night.

Another three years, and I see him in my mind's eye in a box in Madison Square Garden, in the summer of 1964, the Goldwater rally. I am looking up from the stage, where I have been arranging the visiting dignitaries. Someone, in a speech, listing the distinguished Conservatives there present, has mentioned the name of William F. Buckley, Jr., and I begin to understand what the word "pandaemonium" means: I am reminded of a scene in *Scaramouche*, where a political speech on stage has brought forth "a hurricane of furious applause" and the actors stand transfixed like small boys who have set a match to a sun-scorched hayrick. For once I was seeing not Buckley-the-subject-of-stories or Buckley-the-source-of-imitations but the genuine Conservative Hero. But I do not think I was yet seeing the genuine Bill Buckley.

In 1968, we met at the Newark Airport, khakis still, touch of sunburn, no blazer, hair now going pepper and salt, on his way back from visiting Edgar Smith in the Death House at Trenton, on his way up to a Party of the Right banquet at Yale. We stopped for a cup of coffee on the road — coffee out of paper cups, an old Mercedes-Benz (his car), the Connecticut countryside in January, a conversation of which (barring his wonderment that Edgar Smith could be a likeable human being after ten years without seeing the light of day) I remember little enough. We talked, I know, of drugs and alcohol and youth culture, Churchill and Ireland and what was happening at Yale. I talked too much: he is a good listener. He might, I thought, have been a favourite prep-school teacher and I a returning alumnus.

He delivered at the Party banquet

that night, a toast which was in essence a serious call to a devout and holy life, a life of involvement in Conservative effort. Amidst some undergraduate foolishness he was elected a member of the Party of the Right (the Party having been formed after he graduated from Yale): he stomached the foolishness rather better than I, except when an alumnus of the Party proposed a toast in a form which seemed to him a parody — and even more, a profanation — of the Mass. He recalled afterwards it had reminded him of a French movie in which an unfrocked priest had in fact consecrated a flagon in a tavern, and another priest there present had heroically drained the flagon to prevent the profanation of the transubstantiated wine. A generally awkward situation all around, I recall, and made more awkward by the fact that what was (and properly) a matter of high import to the guest was only dimly apprehended by the members of the Party.

I could add other vignettes — Mr. Buckley, glasses on, listening to Handel's *Messiah* on the stereo and carefully following the music in the score, or arguing a grammatical point at length in a Tuesday meeting at *National Review*, or saying to a member of his crew "I hope you have better sense than to come out for the legalization of marijuana," or manfully (but unhappily) braving the crowds at the Traditionalist Caucus at the 1969 Y. A. F. Convention, or mixing the vinegar in the right proportions for the anchovies and peppers at his favourite luncheon restaurant, where he is (one guesses) the favourite customer. Perhaps they round out, but they do not alter, the picture I have of him and of his importance to Conservatism.

A formidable public personality but shy and ill at ease in crowds, liking the company of family and friends and the solitude of the ocean (what crowning ironic bliss that last Christmas Eve the other boat in the anchorage should belong to Dr. Benjamin Spock), a generous and good man, enjoying small pleasures, puzzled like any exurban father about the "generation gap" (happy at signs his son might turn out to be a Conservative after all), a public wit and privately that rare man who is a hero not only to his chauffeur but to his brothers and sisters, he is existentially the central figure of modern American Conservatism. Though some may doubt how conservative he is or fault him for his failure to take the Conservative tide at the flood ("Why doesn't he run for the Senate?"), and some deplore *National Review's* Ivy-League background and East-Coast range of interests, he is nonetheless (though he would deny it) not just the "onlie begetter" but the mainstay of the present Conservative movement in America.

This does not mean that what he says is always centrally important to the development of this Conservative movement. For philosophical guidance one looks instead in Mr. Buckley's words, to "Mission Control" in Wood-

stock. And if one seeks a key to Mr. Buckley in his books, it should be sought in his introduction to Edgar Smith's *Brief Against Death*, in his introduction to his sister's posthumous collection of stories and short pieces (*Will Mrs. Major Go To Hell?*) and especially in Whittaker Chambers' letters (*Odyssey Of A Friend*). For in them, I think, the man is revealed apart from his role as Conservative Hero, and I do not believe the role does him justice.

I would guess also that the role bothers him. A thousand thousand admirers are not necessarily a good bargain for those few, those happy few who started a Conservative journal of fact and opinion back in 1955. He might

Beer And Beethoven

Petr Pattr

The Tchaikovsky Album, Ormandy, The Philadelphia Orchestra, Columbia M7x30830, 7 records.

When, after Abbie Hoffman comes to preside over this fated Republic and Herr Doktor Marcuse is ensconced in the Justice Department and the thousands of liberated debutantes and young masters are sent out on their virtue patrols to pick through our libraries and police our cultural redoubts for fascist residue, it will be discovered that until the early 1970's the master works of Petr Illich Tchaikovsky were kept under lock and hoof. Historians will further note that late in 1971 this famous journal of humane letters riveted together its courage hoisting the pennon of this much abused Russian master, and exhorting that he be accorded the hearing — indeed the celebrity, his achievements warrant. For the time has arrived to give this hypersensitive neurotic the stage.

In a recent issue we announced the formation of "The Petr Illich Tchaikovsky Society," and heaved all our considerable cultural might into bringing this repressed genius to the public's attention. Always working within "the system," we pledged to flood the nation with disquieting bumper stickers, articulate decals, arch — though provocative — sweatshirts and petitions to the FCC.

Now the system responds! Columbia Records has released *The Tchaikovsky Album*, a meager collection of Tchaikovsky which comes perilously close to being too little too late.

Why we had to wait until this late hour for the liberation of Tchaikovsky confounds me. Perhaps his exile to the back shelves was just one more egregious symptom of that Cold War madness which, seizing us at the end of World War II, left us abject ingrates to the heroic Red Army, the conqueror of Hitlerism and liberator of all of Eastern Europe. The Soviets' historic victories and their enlightened administration of all liberated regions paralyzed the American tycoons with trepidation, and they dropped a curtain of silence around all of the USSR. Even many of those

well be forgiven a desire like Henry V at Agincourt to have not one man more, though I am not aware he has any such desire. Henry V would not be at his best in leading millions: that does not mean he will turn the millions away. Nor does it mean his usefulness is gone when there are millions to be led. If nothing else, he is still the king. □

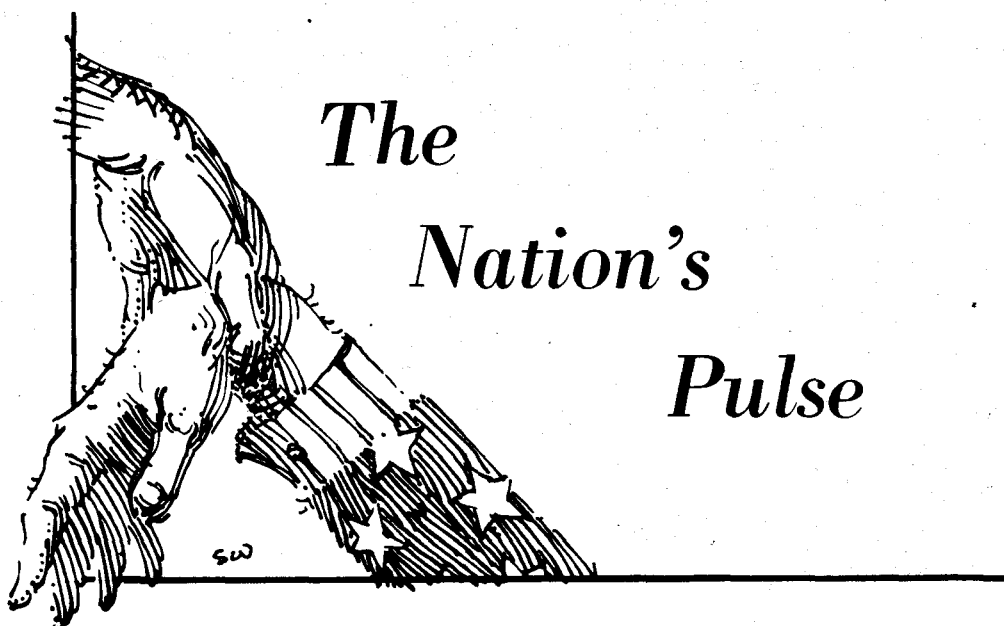
Jared Lobdell graduated from Yale where he served as chairman of the Party of the Right. After doing graduate work at the University of Wisconsin at Madison he moved to Green Bay where he now teaches. His essays have appeared in *National Review*, and he has edited *Insight* and *Outlook* and been associate editor of *Ralley*.

areas to which the Reds had brought their unique civilization suffered isolation. A parade of benign Russian gestures was rebuffed. And Americans were not even allowed authentic translations of the esteemed Dr. Lysenko. Grim rumors spread about Mr. Stalin's penal reforms, and of course the reputation of Russian culture suffered.

At any rate, all Americans ever heard were disfigured performances of the subtle 1812 and the lilting *Marche Slave* — forever emphasizing a mystifying martial strain. The present collection corrects these chimerical interpretations, for Mr. Ormandy's rendering is more authentic. Yet, I am afraid that while the sound of these records is very pure and the orchestra is obviously a capital bunch, Mr. Ormandy is just not my ideal candidate to lead the crusade for Tchaikovsky. True enough he is a virtuoso public relations man — how else has he managed to convince reviewers to intone those mortifying hosannas to his puny labors — but when he attempts to lead an orchestra in a serious piece of music like the E Minor symphony, well — to snatch a phrase from the memorable Dr. Johnson (Lyndon Baines) — what can you expect when the dog won't hunt? From Mr. Ormandy I have come to expect little more than fleas. His tempos are erratic, and his sense of balance is that of a dipsomaniac. The brass either comes in like a drunk at a funeral service or suddenly expires beneath a startling frenzy of strings. Sometimes the orchestra hums along merrily, and at other times it breaks into a rampage. The brass is unstructured in the F Minor symphony, and in the E Minor it is so feckless that I got the impression Mr. Ormandy thought he was doing the *Serenade* for String Orchestra.

Nevertheless his performance of the B Minor symphony deserves a beer on the house, his version of the *Serenade* for String Orchestra comes off all right and he serves up a juicy treat, I suppose, for balletomanes. As the entire album is priced especially low, it is probably a sound purchase for acolytes.

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The Nation's Pulse

Mr. Nixon On The Serpentine Path

Marshall Jay

It is not given to ordinary men to fathom the calculus by which the mind of Richard Nixon finally fixed upon Lewis Powell and William Rehnquist as nominees for the Supreme Court. It was a serpentine path, indeed, which wound its way at last to their door; but considering the qualifications of the gentlemen in question, one is bound to wonder whether and why a straight line wasn't thought possible in the first place.

It is generally conceded that both Powell and Rehnquist will be confirmed without much fuss or fireworks. It is also generally conceded that the Liberals have been had. The long knives were drawn, and the saliva was running; but when dinner-time came, there wasn't any racist roast to carve. Liberals, who jerk their knees up whenever anyone from south of the Potomac is nominated for anything, will harumph and puff about Powell, if for no other reason than that he hails from Virginia and is known to be less than wildly enthusiastic about massive bussing and coddled criminals. But try though they may — and it is not likely that they will — Lewis Powell simply cannot be made to look like Harold Carswell.

Similarly, it will be whispered that Rehnquist's political ties with the Nixon-Mitchell axis are unseemly in a man about to don judicial robes, but such an argument will not be taken seriously this side of Ramparts or *The New York Review of Books*.

Barring some hitherto undiscovered skeleton, in short, the likelihood is that Powell and Rehnquist will be confirmed before the *New York Times* can think up forty-seven reasons why residence in Virginia or employment with the

Justice Department ought to be *per se* disqualifications for service on the Court during Republican administrations.

All this, however, might have been foreseen weeks ago — or so one supposes. Richard Poff, that admirable gentlemen, might have been spared the anguish of knowing that his life's ambition will now remain unfulfilled. The country might have been spared the anguish of imagining Robert Byrd upon the Court. And the "ABA Six," especially Mrs. Lillie and Mr. Friday, might have been spared needless embarrassment.

Was it really necessary to put the nation through four weeks of political gymnastics in order to get two conservatives (at least one of whom had to be a Southerner) on the Court? We shall, of course, never know the whole truth. Even the most determined Nixon-haters will not accuse him of having planned this one from the outset. It's simply too neat, too perfect, too "too." There are others, however, who not only think that the caper was planned in exquisite detail from the outset but praise it as the most artful political fandango of Richard Nixon's long career.

The whole thing really began, they say, when it appeared that the Liberals — contrary to earlier indications — were going to raise a stink about Poff. Ever since the Carswell defeat, it had been generally acknowledged in Congress that Poff was next in line for the Southern seat and that, because of his long service and many friendships on the Hill, he would be confirmed with only token opposition. The Poff strategy, unfortunately for

that most private of public men, ran afoul of two stubborn facts: (1) the Liberals, with the election only a year away, were desperate for issues and, barring anything else immediately on the horizon, another Supreme Court nomination fight appeared as good as any; (2) there were *two* seats open.

And so it was that the Liberals signaled their intentions: Poff would be confirmed if and only if the other seat were given over to a certifiable Liberal. This proved too high a price for the President, who had his sights set on both seats. Poff, who only a few days before had been viewed as a great boon for the Southern strategy, all of a sudden became a liability. His removal, whether by choice or force (or both), ushered in the new game plan, which called for decoys to draw the Liberals' fire.

Whether Powell and Rehnquist were part of the plan from the outset, we shall probably never know. What we do know is that the Liberals used all, or nearly all of their firepower in what turned out to be a mere preliminary skirmish — indeed, ambush. When the noise died down and the smoke cleared, there was the President on prime time television, every eye in the nation focused on him, dropping not one but two — count 'em — conservatives into the hopper. Altogether, a splendid victory for the forces of judicial restraint — and for Richard Nixon.

One hopes, however, that it will not prove to have been bought at too high a price. The Court, alas, has fallen upon hard days. Some believe it to be in peril. The egregious excesses of the Warren era, the Fortas and Douglas scandals, the Thornberry caper, the Haynesworth and Carswell nomination fights — these are damaging blows to an institution whose most important line of defense is the esteem of the people. One more such blow, and the Court may be done in altogether. One hopes that the Republicans, in their understandable zeal to redress the imbalance of the recent past, will not succumb to the opinion that the solution lies in creating a conservative counterpart to the Warren Court. That might please some real or imagined Republican majority in the short run, but it would do so by destroying the function of the Court as the authoritative voice of a Constitution. The principles of which cannot be surrendered to party line or popular whim. □

"GEORGE MCGOVERN is running for President. His problem is that not many people really care. McGovern cares. He journeyed to the college campuses. Boldly, in front of all those students, he promised that, if elected, he would grant amnesty to all draft evaders. Guts."

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CORRESPONDENCE



Interdepartmental Missive

From a Senior Editor

I hope we can mention somewhere in our magazine the vindication of Mrs. O'Leary's cow. As you know, the cows of this country are tired of the treatment they have been receiving. They have been milked for the benefit of white and black Americans — a clear case of exploitation. They have been left to wander in pastures that lack all amenities, including day-care centers. And one of them has been stigmatized and dehumanized — I mean deprived of her bovine dignity — by being unfairly blamed for the great Chicago fire.

We have been warned of the cows' growing discontent, but insensitive Americans that we are, we have failed to heed the warnings. The most important warning was the Report of the Cornpone Commission, chaired by Governor Cornpone of Illwithnoise. The Cornpone Commission warned that, "We are moving toward two societies: one cow; one non-cow." Emmett, I hear that even if we now try to do justice to the cows, we are too late. I hear brayings from the barnyard. I hear menacing moos in the distance. Pass the skim milk, brother; the Revolution is at hand.

Cordially,
Terry Krieger

To the Editor:

My congratulations to R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr. for his editorial in the November 1971 *Alternative*. Seldom have I seen such a good imitation of a Rothbard or a Rand spouting invective — brilliant satire! I've always envied people who could write 1,500 word articles without saying anything of substance — it's certainly a lot easier than being scholarly!

However, on the off-chance that Mr. Tyrrell was being at least somewhat serious I would like to comment on his assertion that "Women's liberation is philosophically illiterate. Its ideas are idiotic and contradictory. No one has written a coherent analysis of the subject, because it coheres around not one valid question of essential significance. Women's liberation is a blunderbuss aimed by misanthropes and idiots at the productive elements of society."

In fact, many coherent analyses of the subject have been written. One of the first, certainly of interest to libertarians and conservatives, is John Stuart

Mill's *On the Subjection of Women*, which, along with *On Liberty*, has become highly popular reading among women's groups and has just been re-issued as a paperback by Fawcett. His defense of women's rights (that is to say rights women should have because they are people, but have been denied because they are women. E.g., the right to accept a job in a mine or an establishment serving alcoholic beverages — two restrictions existing in Indiana) is from a purely libertarian position and is tightly reasoned and argued. (He incidentally argues for a volunteer army. Perhaps your next satire should be on men who consider women's rights trivial but expect women to be indignant at the immorality of the draft — a subject that is as "irrelevant" to them as abortion is to men.) Other good books are Germain Greer's *The Female Eunuch*, dealing with psychological and social problems involved in being "feminine," and Caroline Bird's *Born Female* dealing with the economic and business world problems attendant in being a woman.

Lynn Kinsky
Reason

Santa Barbara, California

To the Editor:

Gobin Stair, Director of Beacon Press in Boston, Massachusetts urges faculty members to give their generous contributions to support a public edition of the "Pentagon Papers." He pretends that this project would serve the interest of the general public.

Since the Supreme Court ruled against the government and gave the "liberal" papers full freedom to resume the publication of top secret documents of the Pentagon Vietnam war study, those papers will be tried in the court of American public opinion. The general public should be informed that Beacon Press and other publishers of the Eastern "liberal" Establishment refuse to publish the official documents, named by the U.S. Army "Operation Keelhaul." This operation forced the repatriation of millions of Russian citizens against their will to Russia for liquidation or slave labor after the Second World War. This action violated the elementary principles of international law.

It is obvious that the publication of those documents would not confirm the aspirations of our "liberals" to undermine public confidence in our military actions in Indochina; and it would expose the crimes against humanity committed by the Russian Communists.

The publication of the Pentagon Vietnam war study by our leftist papers gave aid and comfort to our enemies. Those of us who are not brainwashed by our TV networks and some papers call such actions high treason. Since Beacon Press urges faculty members to support its project to publish those documents, it asks faculty members of our universities and colleges to help the undermining of the very foundation of this country. As a faculty member, I despise those who dare to send me requests of this kind.

It is useless and pointless to argue with Beacon Press and papers which have recently published American secret documents. The time has come to end permissiveness and to take off our gloves. Those who give aid and comfort to our enemies should be confronted with all kinds of boycotts and social ostracism by the silent majority.

Dr. Alexander V. Berkis
Professor of History
Longwood College

PETR PATR

(continued from page 17)

But those of us who are intent on listening to the very best performances of our persecuted master will have to choose more judiciously. Argenta is still my favorite on the F Minor and either Toscanini or Cantelli are far ahead on the B Minor. Also I have kept my copy of Cantelli's Romeo and Juliet Overture throughout the Cold War and I shall not replace it with this performance.

Other Recordings of Merit

Beethoven: Sonata No. 29, Rudolph Serkin, Columbia M30081

Brahms: Klavierquartet No. 1, Gilels, Branin, Schidlof and Lovett, Deutsche Grammophon 2530133

Debussy: Quartet in G Minor, Revel: Quartet in F Major, The Juillard Quartet, Columbia M30650

R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr.

CONTINUING CRISIS

(continued from page 2)

kangaroo bird was found; Norway curtailed the killing of Polar Bears and the Rt. Hon. Paul McCloskey told Portland conservationists that no more dams should be built in the United States to spoil the streams. Even better news came from Florida where it was estimated that by 1977 as many as 16,000,000,000,000 African snails may establish residence. The Pittsburgh Pirates won the World Series, and thousands of "booing, hissing" fans showed up in Lagos, Nigeria to enjoy Nigeria's national pastime, the public execution of thieves. Seventy-five public executions have been held in Nigeria in the past year — always to capacity crowds. The anti-ballistic missile system breezed through the Senate while the House voted 210-152 to establish day care centers throughout the United States.

• In Mexico controversy raged over the identity of Mr. Julio Herschfeld Almada's kidnappers. Some say the left did it to discredit the right. Others say the right did it to discredit the left. And still others assert that it was simply the work of good, clean, high-minded criminals, out for a dishonest buck. Egyptian students astonished government officials and most of the world's agnostics when they took to the streets to

(continued on page 21)

The Bootblack Stand



Dr. George Washington Plunkitt, our prize-winning political analyst, has just completed a penetrating study of the last Congolese election. Published in August, it focuses on the unique position of minority groups in the Congolese electoral process; it can be purchased in all bookstores. It is titled *Escape! A New Demand Response System*. Now, through this column, the distinguished Dr. Plunkitt has agreed to advise American statesmen in this time of troubles. Address all correspondence to The Bootblack Stand, The Establishment, R.R. 11, Box 360, Bloomington, Indiana 47401, Continental U.S.A.

Dear Mr. Plunkitt:

It has fallen to me, the President of the United States of America and of all the territories and protectorates, to nominate two men for the Supreme

Court. Now, I have nominated men in the past and the affect on two of these men was such that several of my advisers have suggested I now nominate a pair of left liberal Democrats for the boost it might give to their careers. But I have always been a party man, which is not to say a party boy — hee hee, a little levity there — ahem — and I must stick with the Republicans, after all there are several of them whom I could nominate for the same reasons, men like Percy and Packwood.

Due to the political pressure from the liberal media, I feel it behooves me to nominate only one strict constructionist advocate of law and order and to mollify the left a man whose position on law and order more reasonable. Have you any suggestions on this score or — hee hee — am I in the wrong ball park?

Thanks for your help and next time you are in Washington, do stop by and see me, I shall be out in the back.

Eagerly,
Richard M. Nixon
President

Dear Mr. President:

Ha Ha Ha, "not to say a party boy," oh what a pawky sense of humor you have! In many ways it brings to mind Millard Fillmore, but on to delicious concerns. In regard to your conservative choice I am not sure whom you can nominate. According to the *Washington*

Post there are not conservatives in America, only hyphenated conservatives like arch-conservatives and ultra-conservatives, and all of these are racists and transgressors of the child labor laws. Now there are men who the *Post* would consider "conservative in the best sense" but I do not think you would want to nominate John Galbraith or Charles Reich. You might find support from the *Post* by nominating Alf Landon. And if he dies before you get this letter nominate him anyway. The Senate would never know and he could share an office with Thurgood Marshall. They both would have similar work habits. As for a man who will appeal to the left liberals on law and order you have two excellent choices in Mr. Richard Speck and Professor Charles Manson. Of these, Manson is probably most qualified. He has had considerable experience with the law lately and he has a great deal of that youthful idealism that we hear so much about. Further, he is very handsome and I believe he was awarded a Ph. D. in philosophy from The University of California at Santa Barbara. He might still be on the faculty at UCLA. Whatever the case, he is held in high esteem in academic circles, and his credentials for zero population growth are impeccable.

—GWP

EDITORIAL I

(continued from page 3)

ideas. Nor are they simply questioning the means for realizing America's historic national goal. They have utterly rejected that goal. Their reordered priorities constitute the priorities of a different kind of society, not the kind of society that Mr. Roosevelt thought he was vouchsafing or that Mr. Kennedy heralded or that Mr. Nixon presides over today. In these early years of the 1970s most of those who caterwaul about reordered priorities are, consciously or unconsciously, demanding a new kind of society. It will be their society. And if their society is based on bad ideas it will be a bad society.

R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr.

Editorial II

In Praise of WFB

In this issue we pause to meditate on William F. Buckley, for one of his most tantalizing books has just appeared and we have now learned that his flashing and sparking across the land is soon to end. Not long ago one of our associates residing in Washington, D.C. became privy to the information that sometime this spring Mr. Buckley is to be designated American Consul to Ouagadougou. So brilliantly has he distinguished himself as Commissioner for the Advisory Board of the United

States Information Service that two of the White House's assistant presidents now desire to slip him into a diplomatic foxhole in that sensitive though uncelebrated spot on the globe.

His loss to conservative missionary endeavor will be immeasurable, for he is the whirling axis from which a multimedia assault on liberal orthodoxy derives its energy. In his journal, *National Review*, conservative intellectuals jump through hoops and otherwise perform their acts of derring-do to the mortification of leftish provincials who have been saying from time out of mind that these creatures were — if they did indeed exist — dull pedagogues incapable of such razzle dazzle. His appearances on television are generally entertaining and often inspiring. Then, too, there are his books, his gladiatorial antics on "Firing Line," his numerous appearances on the college Chautauqua circuit and his nationally syndicated column. Upon losing all of this to Ouagadougou conservatives have reason to speculate if Mr. Buckley's departure into journalism is not the result of dark schemings in high places by men of the bolshevik persuasion. But, lo, it is the call to duty, and though Mr. Buckley is a jaunty and sassy fellow, the cornerstone of his philosophy is duty — the merest bleep from the trumpet, and he is on his feet.

But not only conservatives will miss him. He has been a monument to the way public persons ought to live. He is confident, thoughtful, good humored and compassionate. He is a thorough gentleman, and one of the few public figures in America who emulates the Christian life without waving his arms

and bellowing. Further, he is one of the very few conservative American journalists possessed of the education and disposition to indulge in high journalism. It is true that in his writing he has rarely paused to peer deeply into the gorgeous and troubled condition of the Supermarket Republic, but that he is capable of doing it with real genius no one who has heard his speeches or read his interviews doubts. That is, of course, where he belongs, amongst the high journalists. Perhaps he is the American Bagehot, though certainly he is more elegant and less banal. At any rate, the particular specifications and pressures of a thrice weekly newspaper column do not allow the scholarliness, the extended analysis and the occasional philosophical plumbing characteristic of this higher genre. A more suitable setting for such writing and a setting easily within his grasp is his own *National Review*, which already serves up some very thoughtful essays.

Perhaps while in Africa he will give himself over to the ways of the land, drop his revs below the red line, watch the water buffaloes at play and spend some time on the piazza, sipping his gin, listening to the guzzling of the fauna at twilight and then he will scrawl a few notes on the sources of our perplexities at home. For he need not give the catastrophe much more cerebration than he has already devoted to it. More deeply perhaps than any other American, Mr. Buckley understands what ails us; all he has to do is to pick up his quill. Let us then hope that Bill Buckley will come home soon and bring with him a fat packet of manuscript.

George Nathan

CONTINUING CRISIS

(Continued from page 19)

proclaim that "Abdel Nasser is alive — he will never die." But death did take the lives of Mr. Dean Acheson and Sylvester (Two-Gun Pete) Washington, the retired Chicago policeman famed for wearing two pearl-handled revolvers and having killed nine men in his career. Tragedy struck when one of Chicago's most progressive businessmen passed away in a federal building in Marion, Illinois. Mr. Felix (Milwaukee Phil) Alderisio is dead at 69. Joining pallbearers Mr. Sam DeStefano, Mr. Leo Manfredi, Mr. Joseph (Gags) Gagliano, Mr. William (Smokes) Aloisio and Mr. Frank (Fifi) Buccieri at a remote plot in Queen of Heaven Cemetery were Mr. Anthony (Big Tuna) Arcardo, Mr. Paul (the Waiter) Ricca and an unidentified priest.

•Reports persisted that something

mysterious was happening in the Celestial Empire, and in Peking Mr. Henry Kissinger had tea with Mr. Chou-En-lai. People continued to leave East Pakistan and New York, according to the 1970 Census Report hailed as the nation's most accurate.

•President Nixon announced that Phase II of his economic freeze will be "voluntary," but three boards will be needed to enforce it. The Consensus Price Index went up by two tenths of one per cent in September. The week beginning 8 November will be Youth Appreciation Week, the President has declared. But his sincerity again fell under suspicion as he proclaimed the entire month of October as "Country Music Month" — an obvious tactic issuing from his southern strategy. William Rehnquist and Lewis Powell got Mr. Nixon's nod for the Supreme Court. Mr. Kosygin was molested while on his tour of Canada, and on 20 October four shots were fired into the New York head-

quarters of the Soviet U.N. mission.

•By the end of the month many European nations were beginning to move toward Secretary Connally's position on foreign trade and import surtaxes. But Japanese relations with the United States seemed to be entering an alembic. Mr. Rennie Davis, who had been promising to bring 10,000 anti-warites to Washington on 26 October to "evict" the President, failed to keep his promise and found himself in jail on 27 October along with 300 of his cohorts — about half the overall turnout. But the worst news came from Kampala, the capital of historic Uganda, where, traditionally nude Karamojan tribesmen were ordered by President Idi Amin to cover themselves. According to *The New York Times* "tribal conservatives" forced those tribesmen complying with the President's orders to actually dine on their new clothing! □

THE PEACE PROFITEERS

(continued from page 11)

sible and is replaced by signs and sloganism.

Therefore, some of the blame for the failure of reasonable men to achieve national reconciliation should be placed squarely at the door of the peace profiteers. By marketing goods which appeal to dissidents, the profiteers lend an air of commercial legitimacy to a movement stressing divisiveness. While dissent and debate are inherent and invaluable parts of our system for governing, they are political rather than commercial tools. Differing opinions formed in the give and take of politics are resolved through meaningful compromise. Therein rests the operative factor in democratic government. But opinions based upon commercial images defy resolution through debate or compromise. Marketable goods expressing a viewpoint are necessarily direct appeals to simplistic emotionalism. Someone emotionally attached enough to a cause to wear a peace sign emblazoned sweatshirt proclaiming his beliefs is unlikely to dissent or debate in the democratic fashion. He is locked into a viewpoint and his clothing is one crutch upon which his opinions lean. The merchants who supply such crutches do democracy a disservice.

But, the income incentive is obviously stronger than the democratic ideal. Large and small companies alike are engaged in peace profiteering and their trademark is diversity.

There is the former "surf bum" who has made a fortune selling T-shirts featuring anti-war slogans. "Vietnam

— The Edsel of Foreign Policy" is a clever cliché from his wear-it-on-your-chest collection. He makes \$500,000 per year.

Cuff links, tie tacs, wristbands, neck chains, key chains and key cases featuring the peace symbol are pushed by a big jewelry firm in its nationwide advertising.

Bumper stickers, posters and the like have promoted peace through sloganizing and, incidentally, earned some printing companies a tidy profit.

Publishers have flooded the marketplace with questionable anti-war literature, surely with an eye on the millions of potential customers within the "cause." Some of the anti-war books which have rolled off presses of leading publishers have achieved the dubious distinction of being branded as outright distortions. In addition there has been a show of personal dedication to the peace movement within this industry. Some twenty publishing houses formed a group known as "Publishers for Peace." No doubt, association with as well as supplying to the "cause" helps assure a better cash inflow.

Peace profiteering also has hit the postage meter industry. One company, which for months fought to keep from having to supply the message "Fight Communism" to a customer for his personal mailing meter, had no trouble providing an anti-war slogan to another customer. That message read, "In the Service of Their Country: War Resisters in Prison."

The range of products from sweat-shirts to postage meters might seem diverse, but consider the following list of peace products that can be purchased in any downtown shopping area: kites, slave bands, letter seals, stationery, incense burners, wrapping paper, charms, necklaces, wedding bands, towels, clothing and bedspreads. There is even a peace flasher — an electrical gadget which when plugged in flashes the peace symbol in different colors. All of these and many more can be purchased in a price range of twenty-five cents to hundreds of dollars.

It is in the best of the free enterprise tradition that the prices for peace products will be paid because a market has developed for them. It would have been almost un-American if someone had not tried to cash in on the emotional appeal of peace in the midst of an unpopular war. But, the fact that peace profiteering could be expected

should not prevent us from raising questions about that questionable enterprise. After all, the fact that defense is a prime national endeavor has not prevented questions about the nature of the military-industrial complex.

• If the same kind of logic is applied to an interrogation of the peace profiteers as has been used against the military-industrial complex, some interesting conjectures emerge. For example, consider this logical progression: (1) Certain businessmen are engaged in making and selling peace products which are marketable because of the deep national division regarding the Vietnam War. (2) Some of those same businessmen are associated directly with groups which oppose the official United States policy towards Southeast Asia and also have contributed funds to political candidates who oppose that policy. (3) There is a body of evidence to show that the domestic opposition to official Vietnam policy has prolonged the conflict by inspiring the enemy to continue his fight despite overwhelming odds against him. (4) Therefore, it must be assumed, that businessmen profiting from selling peace have openly conspired to thwart U.S. efforts to end the Vietnam War because a ceasing of hostilities would hamper their merchandizing.

Of course, no one is accusing the peace profiteers of that kind of thing, but the logic of the argument should be recognizable to anyone who has read some of the recent diatribes against the so-called "war machine" in America. Instead, the accusation is based on greed which can be measured by an analysis of the bitter divisiveness now confronting this country. By lending commercial legitimacy to rampant emotionalism, the peace profiteers have helped move the decision-making process from legislative halls to the streets. In so doing, they have helped substitute simplistic slogans for rational debate in formulation of national policy. Perhaps we will find that the peace profiteers are the real merchants of death — the death of a republic. □



"Whom the gods destroy they first make mad." — Euripedes

THE NATION

New-age journalism from a truly with it journal of humane thought:

I'm mad. And I'm guilty. Both. And if it can happen to me, a psychiatrist, what can I say about the kids who come home? How will they cope with their confusion and resentment?

One more reason why *The Nation* should be next to every bed:

I am just a bit mad. But I understand the world better than sane men. The bread comes to the teeth and then to the stomach and finally to the bowels. Does even one of you understand?

CYRUS EATON

Travel note from one who has travelled with the fellows for eighty-eight years:

Three Wall Street lawyers, Nixon, Mitchell and Rogers, are spending the taxpayers' money around the world like drunken sailors.

NEW YORK TIMES

Baloney and nostalgia for Lord Lindsay. Some people will say anything to get him out of town:

Mr. Lindsay isn't going to join the choir. He's thinking about striding into church and seeing whether he can get the congregation clapping and rolling on the floor hollering "Amen!"

At the dawn of American Greatness, back in 1963, after a national magazine had published secret government reports about the Cuban missile crisis, we all breathed easier when the famous *Times* of New York placed the whole issue in its historical perspective, laying down this immutable principle regarding "the people's right to know":

The secrecy of one of the highest organs of the United States has been seriously breached...How can there be any real freedom of discussion or of dissent? How can anyone be expected to advance positions that may be politically unpopular or unprofitable? Does no one in Washington recall the McCarthy era and the McCarthy technique?...The various positions of the members of the National Security Council taken during deliberation must remain secret...The integrity of the National Security Council, and of the advice received by the President, is at stake.

THE NEW REPUBLIC

Apparently intent on certifying its credentials as an equal opportunity employer, *The New Republic* has

employed a moron:

It's springtime, hey, nonny, nonny, and with the first robin comes Form 1040.

THE NEW YORK REVIEW OF BOOKS

A note on the dreadful state of indoor sports from *The New York Review of Books*, a famous journal of social sciences:

Of all mammals, man is the only one who must be taught how to mate. In open societies this is accomplished through observation but in a veiled, minatory, Puritan society, sex is a dirty secret, the body shameful and making love a guilty business, often made dreadful through plain ignorance of what to do.

The first stirrings of what could be a vicious, frightening and brutal backlash:

...most American men are "feminized" in what they would regard as the worst sense of that word by being brought up almost entirely by women and made to conform to American female values which are every bit as twisted as American male values.

INDIANA UNIVERSITY

Effects of Higher Learning and pervasive spirit of democracy revealed in the distinguished student gazette of this Athens of the prairies:

Homosexuals in Bloomington have shown their power by electing a gay person to the Student Senate, the newly-elected Gay Revolution Party senator said Friday.

Dale Mitchell, junior, said his candidacy was "more or less like an attempt to test gay power — to see whether a strong enough base exists in Bloomington to elect an avowed gay person."

Mitchell, who is an "openly avowed" gay person, won one of eight town senate seats with 111 votes in Thursday's election. He is the first "open" gay person to win an election at I.U.

He explained that "gay power" is seeking, "in the ultimate sense, to gain complete control of our own lives and destinies." He added his election could perhaps be viewed "as a small first" toward this ultimate goal.

Mitchell said he has no "definite plans" for doing anything at senate meetings. In the senate, "I'll just take it as it comes and be gay," he said.

WAYNE MORSE

The low down on Mr. Nixon from one of the Senate's most gifted intellectuals, ex-Senator Wayne Morse, retired dove and weaver of words:

People think Nixon is soon getting (American forces) out of Vietnam, but he's fooling the American people. We may get out of Vietnam in 55 years.

MODEL CITIES

Sterling example of "truth in government" or "the people's right to know" culled by our research staff from a memo by the Boston office of the Model Cities program; reform marches on:

"In preparing reports, the projects should be presented in their most favorable light. Lack of progress should be candidly noted but narrated in a positive manner.

CLAYTON FRITCHEY

Twenty-four Karat gibberish from the sage of *Newsday*:

A large segment of the public likes to think tough talk is the answer to law and order. Tough talk also may please a lot of voters who shrink from the costly reality that the welfare rolls are overwhelmingly composed of children, the aged, the crippled, the blind, the handicapped and others who can't work. But it is no substitute for dealing seriously with one of the most agonizing problems of our time.

PETER FONDA, Ph.D.

A sophisticated dietary analysis from a most cerebral scion of America's first family of the Theatre:

I like organic foods. They taste so much better. My wife's an excellent cook and when she fixed fresh vegetables they taste so good. When I get frozen ones, they taste so bad. And I don't want to have vegetables in a restaurant unless it's a fresh mixed salad. Even that isn't as good as what my wife...

SENATOR PROXMIRE

A spirited defense of capitalism by that eminent free market economist Senator Proxmire — whose rating from the American Conservative Union was a puzzling O:

The proposed Lockheed bailout is a grave threat to our system of free competitive enterprise. If this proposal is approved, it could mark the beginning of a new era of increased governmental control over business and industry. It is indeed ironic that such a proposal would come from a supposedly conservative administration.

LETTER FROM A WHIG (continued from page 4)

a pattern of surprises in Nixon's career.

The risk attendant upon rhetoric is dangerously teased hopes. The risk of Nixon's surprises is of hostages given to hostile Governments. That is why one has the feeling that the hoops through which Nixon is jumping, and through which he is putting the country, are becoming progressively smaller.

If Chou En Lai is as shrewd as the average Republican county chairman, he knows how politically important Nixon considers the China visit. There is reason to fear that, along about mid-winter, various "difficulties" will be discovered by Peking, and paid for by Washington.

If Brezhnev is as cunning as his success in Kremlin politics suggests, he knows how far Nixon has committed himself to running as a "peace President." He knows how much Nixon wants an agreement from the SALT talks. In addition, Brezhnev, and the Soviet officers in charge of his Mediterranean fleet and his missiles along the Suez Canal, know how much a "peace President" has to fear from a Middle Eastern war.

But before becoming too alarmed about the risks of the President's course, consider one thing. Surprises are an element, but by no means the only element, in his political operations. The principle basis of Nixon's campaign for re-election is a unique record of prolonged exposure to the American people. In fact, past exposure is Nixon's

substitute for a more traditional kind of political "base."

To understand this one must consult a few dry facts about Nixon's track record.

True, in 1968 Nixon received 2,150,754 fewer votes than Eisenhower received in 1952 from an electorate that was 20 per cent smaller. In 1968 Nixon received 3,322,677 fewer votes than his own 1960 total. Of course, these numbers reflect the Wallace bite out of the electorate. But there is more to be learned from numbers.

Nixon has been a member of three winning national tickets. He has won one term in the White House and it is not unlikely that honest vote counting in Texas and Cook County, Illinois, in 1960 would have given him another. In his two runs for the Presidency Nixon has received 65,893,637 votes. Eisenhower received more (69,526,706), but he never ran with a third party nipping at his constituency. Had Wallace not been running, and had his nearly ten million votes been evenly divided by Nixon and Humphrey, Nixon's grand total would be over 70 million votes. That is a tremendous number of votes won by a supposedly bad politician. (Leave aside the fact that, going back to 1952, Nixon has received 135,420,343 votes for national office.) It is too many votes to explain away with the theory that Nixon's longevity is the result of his "availability" and his "trickiness."

It is hard to gauge the cumulative impact of all the campaigning and other exposure that generated these votes.

Nixon's longevity is of a special kind. He is a uniquely familiar figure, and familiarity does not always breed contempt. The very least that can be said is that in 1972 there will be a lot of people all across the nation who have been voting for Nixon for a long time, some of them for two decades.

Clearly a large number of Americans feel very at ease when it comes to voting for Nixon. Why, then, do the critics keep telling us that Nixon sounds so ill-at-ease with the American people?

I suspect that Nixon sounds ill-at-ease to some people because his public rhetoric is so unsatisfying to those people. But unsatisfying to whom? To those millions who have been voting for him for 20 years? If that is true, then why is he so stubbornly uneloquent? Obviously, Nixon can afford the best speechwriters money can buy, and money can buy speechwriters by the bushel.

Obviously Nixon can read anything uninspiring to his critics.

Perhaps there are kinds of eloquence which Washington's political writers do not recognize, but which communicate with and occasionally move the basically non-political mass of American voters.

Nixon, unlike Disraeli, of whom he is so fond, is not eloquent by the standards of those who write about "eloquence." But Bagehot's description of Disraeli ("the eloquent spokesman of many inaudible voices") somehow also fits Nixon. And there are a lot more voters than audible voices. □

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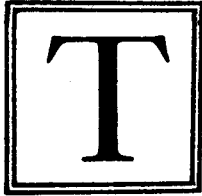
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